

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



## LIBERTY'S PRINTED LINENS & CRETONNES

FOR LOOSE COVERS & CURTAINS  
A WONDERFUL COLLECTION IN EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS  
FAST COLOUR

FROM **2/6** A YARD  
30<sup>INS</sup> WIDE

PATTERNS POST FREE

LIBERTY & CO. LTD. REGENT ST. LONDON W.1

### ORIENT LINE TO AUSTRALIA

FOR TRAVELLERS  
and  
HOLIDAY MAKERS  
**20,000 TON SHIPS**

Programme of Tours on application.

Managers—Anderson Green & Co., Ltd.  
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. 3.  
Branch Offices: 14, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1;  
No. 1, Australia House, Strand;  
Or local agents.



ALL INSURANCES  
FOR YOUR  
HOME & BUSINESS

Royal Exchange  
Assurance

Royal Exchange,  
London, E.C.

### RELIABLE TAILORING FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Garments made to individual requirements, sewn by men tailors, are the only kind to give lasting satisfaction—The White House supplies none other. MATERIAL: Hamilton's Irish Tweed and Handmade Homespun.

Sold in lengths or in garments tailored to measure by men tailors. Our simple self-measurement system ensures perfect fit: satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Patterns and literature post free on request. Write Desk 18.

THE WHITE HOUSE,  
PORTRUSH, NORTH IRELAND.  
No Branches or Agencies.

## Fortification

KNOWN TO FRIENDS AS "OLD FORTY"

### SCOTCH WHISKY

"Old Forty" has been in the same family hands for over 100 years—an independent spirit of ancient lineage.

SIMPSON SHEPHERD & SONS, Ltd., ABERDEEN.

### DOCTORS AND NURSES DRINK AND RECOMMEND

#### THE DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

You can be certain that the Doctor's China Tea can do no harm to your digestion—however delicate it may be. Free from all excess tannin and therefore harmless and delicious. Doctors and nurses recommend it with confidence. Priced at 2/8, 3/2, 3/10 and a super quality at 4/4 per lb.

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY LTD. (Dept. 30),  
30/34, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3.

**1/4-lb. FREE**  
Send 6d. in stamps, to cover postage and packing, for a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/2 and 3/10 blends (1/4-lb. in all) FREE. A 2-oz. packet of the super 4/4 blend also sent on receipt of additional 6d.

### Ordinary bare deal boards and other new woodwork stained with

WOOD **COLRON** DYES

and polished with

"RONUK" FLOOR POLISH

look and wear permanently like real polished oak.

12 Shades

Write for illustrated booklet, with colour guide, "Converting

1/- upwards

Bare Boards to Polished Floors,"

RONUK LTD., Dept. 60

PORTSLADE, SUSSEX.

# OTARD'S

ESTABD 1795

THE BRANDY WITH A PEDIGREE

# BOLS



# KÜMMEL

Always with your coffee—the finest Kümmel, distilled in Holland since 1575





## london's latest Flats

These Modern Sun-Trap Flats are unrivalled for their natural setting on a Country Hillside, yet within 4 miles of either City or West End.

Outstanding in distinguished design, these beautiful flats are replete with every modern labour-saving convenience and enriched with an historical and illustrious environment.

West Hill Court makes possible a standard of living both economical and luxurious, with all that may be desired by even the most fastidious.

Inclusive rentals from  
£195 per ann.



For Brochure apply to:-

**OSBORN'S** (Highgate) Estates, Ltd.,

Millfield Lane, West Hill, Highgate.

Mountview 5946.

or to

**ELLIS & SONS,**

31, Dover Street, W. 1.

Regent 1423.

**West  
Hill  
Court**

YOU ARE INVITED TO  
VIEW THE FLATS AND  
LOVELY GROUNDS,  
when the Resident Staff  
will supply all particulars.



## CONSULT LIBERTY'S

FOR ADVICE ON ALL MATTERS  
CONCERNED WITH THE EQUIPMENT  
OF A HOUSE OR OF ONE APARTMENT

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES  
AT COMPETITIVE PRICES FREE

LIBERTY & CO. LTD. REGENT ST. LONDON W.1.

MATURED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND



# "LONG JOHN"

FINEST OF  
SCOTCH WHISKIES

LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES, LTD.  
GLASGOW & LONDON

# ORONTES

20,000 TONS

SAILS on  
23 January  
for a six-weeks'  
cruise for first  
class passengers  
to the

# WEST INDIES

A ship designed for  
sunshine with airy decks  
and public rooms and a  
porthole to every cabin

**FARES FROM 86 GNS**

Special rates for maids and valets

## ORIENT LINE CRUISES

Managers : Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3  
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1 & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2

When in Canada  
Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette

# British Consols

MILD, SWEET, OLD VIRGINIA

Made **FRESH**—Kept **FRESH**

SEALED IN MOISTUREPROOF CELLOPHANE

MACDONALD'S CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS, MONTREAL, CANADA



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

*The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.*

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9. 1933.



**THE FISHERMAN.**

This is one of the many fine camera-pictures shown at the Royal Photographic Society's seventy-eighth Annual International Exhibition, at 35, Russell Square, W.C.1, which opens to the public to-day, September 9, and will remain open until October 7. Other examples are reproduced on succeeding pages.—[AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH, "VASCONIAN FISHERMAN," BY J. ORTIZ ECHAGUE. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.]



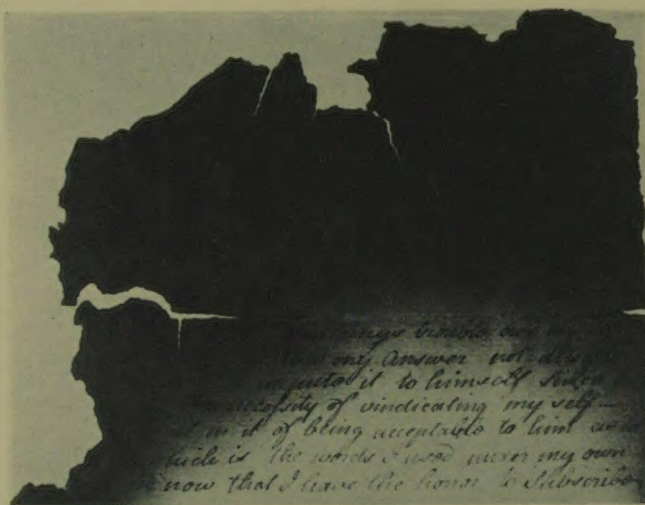


By G. K. CHESTERTON.

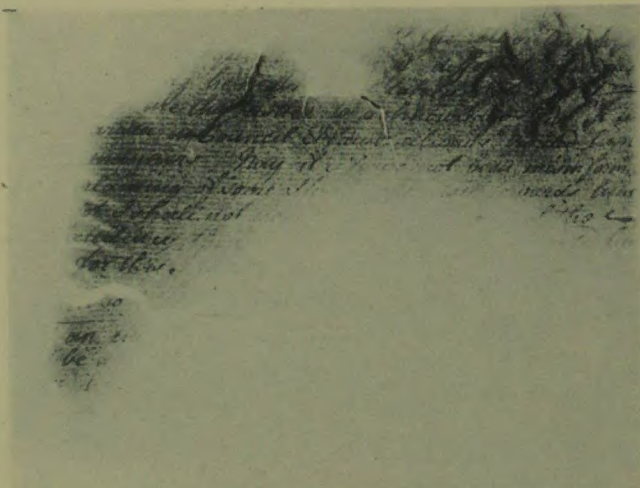
THERE is a popular phrase, apt and lively, as are many popular phrases, about the man who has not two ideas in his head. It is the same picture which Stevenson, in his yet more picturesque way, made of the man who "has not one thought to rub against another as he waits for a train." There is really something of this duality necessary to all thinking, and those who are apparently without it are the only stupid people. There are instructed and even learned people who seem to be fundamentally unicellular; they are without those second thoughts which are to the mind what sex is to the vegetable and animal world. They are not fertilised. If they are in possession of a truth, they cannot entertain its contrary even as an alternative; like the wizard in the legend, their substance has no shadow. That is the real type of bigotry, and it has nothing to do with fixity of belief. Indeed, the type of which I am thinking is seldom lively enough for faith, let alone fanaticism. This sort of old stick is not even as cross as two sticks; for, the moment there are two sticks, they can at least be turned into something significant, like a cross. But unless there are two sticks there is no friction, and therefore no fire. To call this a single-stick type of mind may seem an unlucky epithet, because (by a quaint verbal paradox) what we call single-sticks are invariably double-sticks. And this sort of stick was never meant to be a sword, however suitable it may sometimes be as a Gold Stick-in-Waiting. It is in its nature remote from combat, and unconscious of any contrary to itself. This condition, I may repeat, must not be confounded with any sort of solid conviction. The man with a solid conviction generally is quite conscious of all the people who contradict him. If he is of the best type, he will even be able to entertain their ideas, as hypotheses or alternatives, to be called up by the imagination. A man may have any number of ideas, and still have only one ideal. But if this type of man has only one ideal, it is merely because he has never heard of any other ideas.

But there is a milder, a more intelligent, and therefore a more dangerous variant of this type, only too common at the present time. He is the man who has heard about a good many ideas, but has really lost the power of distinguishing between them. This is not generally because he is stupid, but because he is stale. And I think it will be agreed that a vast amount of modern criticism and book-reviewing and popular philosophy is dreadfully stale. I do not assert for a moment that the critics are stupider than I am; but I do assert that they are stupider than they are. They are not taking enough trouble to distinguish between different ideas; to have two ideas in their heads, or to preserve one thought to rub against another. And this happening in the very realm of criticism and philosophy itself is a serious business. I know all about the first type of man I described; the man with only one hole in his head for one bullet of thought to penetrate his brain. He is often a very rich and successful and solidly important person, and I do not care a curse what happens to him. I do not

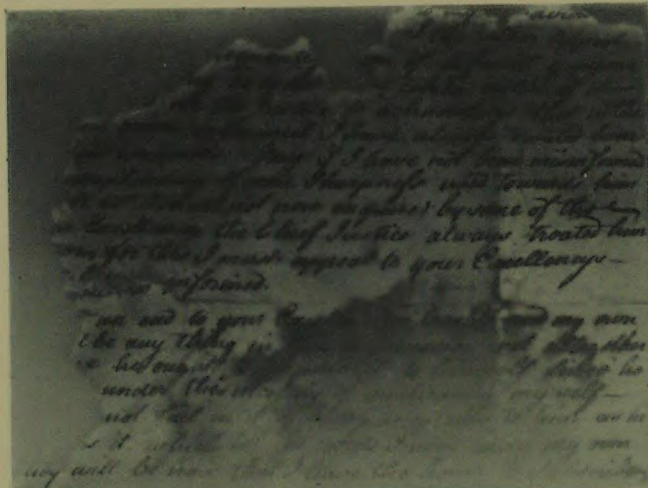
mind the millionaire going down before the first stray shot or the first wandering germ. I do not mind the Petrol King joining the Jehovahist Jumpers because he has never heard of anybody having a religion before; or the Pork Controller falling under the influence of the Ealing Ethical Prophetess because he has only just discovered that everybody does not talk about pork. I cannot help the man who is not used to ideas being bowled over by the first and silliest idea that comes his way. But I do regret it when the critics and men of culture, whose business it is to administer justice among conflicting ideas,



A CHARRED DOCUMENT FROM THE STATE LIBRARY AT ALBANY, NEW YORK, BURNED IN 1911: AN ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UPPER PART COMPLETELY CARBONISED.



ONE METHOD USED FOR DECIPHERING THE WRITING ON THE CARBONISED PORTION OF THE DOCUMENT SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE: AN INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EXTREME UPPER SECTION.



ANOTHER METHOD: AN ARTIFICIAL IMAGE OBTAINED, WITHOUT EXPOSURE TO LIGHT, BY CHEMICAL ACTION RESULTING FROM DIRECT CONTACT OF THE CHARRED DOCUMENT WITH A PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE DURING FORTY DAYS.

TWO WAYS OF DECIPHERING CHARRED DOCUMENTS: ITEMS OF GREAT INTEREST IN THE SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL SECTION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S PRESENT EXHIBITION.

As usual, the Scientific Section of the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition contains a large number of interesting items relating to various branches of science. The examples given here illustrate two photographic methods of deciphering charred documents. This subject, of course, has a special value in the scientific detection of crime, as well as for fire insurance and general purposes.—[Photographs by Dr. L. Bendikson.]

begin to be entirely careless and casual about the matter, and talk and write as if one idea were as good or bad as another.

I will take a concrete contemporary example, which happens to illustrate exactly what I mean. A literary critic of considerable distinction reviewed Mr. Belloc's book on William the Conqueror for the *Observer*, a paper in which we are accustomed to find literary critics of that standing. In the course of criticising Mr. Belloc's book, he was concerned with criticising Mr. Belloc's remark, which was in substance this: that the suggestion that Might is Right, or brute force in itself a justification, is very largely a modern idea; and that it would have been quite unintelligible to everybody in the time of William the Conqueror.

The critic on the *Observer* set out, in a rather vague manner, to question this; but the point is how he proposed to question it. If it were really questionable, his task would seem easy enough. He had only to quote passages from the mediæval moral philosophers of the eleventh or twelfth centuries, laying down the proposition that every enterprise must be judged by its practical success; that justice need not be considered where force can act with decision; that physical triumph is sufficient and final and cannot be reversed by any moral or spiritual judgment. He had only, so to speak, to discover that the Abbot of Cluny laid it down as a rule that, if one monk was bigger and stronger than another monk, he could beat him to death without rebuke; or that the University of Padua passed a unanimous vote in 1066 that anybody who was strong enough to strangle the Pope would prove thereby that he was right in doing so. The critic did not quote any of these interesting contemporary authorities. He did not quote any of them, because there are not any to quote. But I will quote you from memory half a score of statements of that kind from modern writers: from Nietzsche, from Carlyle, from George Moore, from the German enthusiasts who demand the dethronement of Christ in favour of Thor and Odin. All those very modern sort of people will tell you that Might is Right; but I never came across any mediæval people who thought of saying so.

What the critic did was this. He took the somewhat varying and doubtful story about William of Falaise, in his youth, flying into an ungovernable passion with the woman he wanted to marry, because she had flung back his proposal with jeers, treating him as a bastard and an

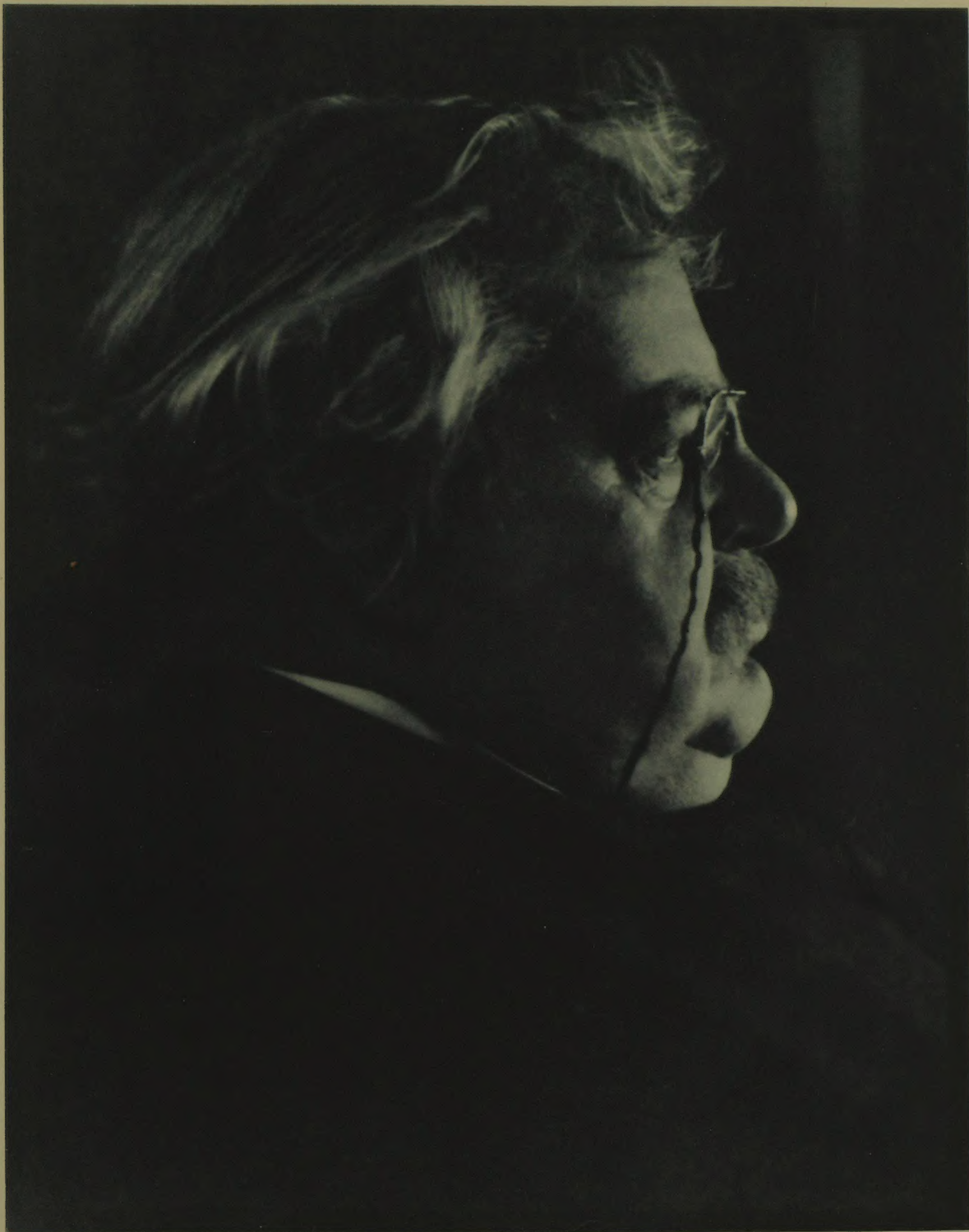
outcast: so that William, I regret to say (according to one story), clouted her over the head. And the critic, with somewhat innocent sarcasm, asks whether this was not an example of Might being Right. To which the very simple and self-evident answer is No. It was certainly very ungentlemanly behaviour on the part of William, by the standards of the modern drawing-room; but indulging in ungentlemanly behaviour is not the same as saying that Might is Right. The boy struck, as he did through life, because he thought he was wronged

and insulted; not because he thought he was stronger than the person he struck. If William had seized a woman he wanted, carried her off to his castle, refused restitution and penance, defied the Church, and (above all) declared that he did it because nature had made the male animal stronger than the female—that would have been a proof that William did indeed hold the modern heresy. But no such incident is recorded of his youth; he had the name of being curiously continent; and there is no evidence that he held any such heresy at all. I merely take this as one example of the critical carelessness against which I protest; the confusion of one idea with a totally different idea, and the readiness of many distinguished critics to write while suffering from a singular incapacity to read.



## THE WRITER OF "OUR NOTEBOOK": A PRIZE PORTRAIT AT THE R.P.S.

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY PAUL SHILLABEER, F.R.P.S., IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.1. SEE ALSO FRONT PAGE AND PAGES 380 AND 381. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



**"G. K. CHESTERTON, ESQ.": A NEW PHOTOGRAPH WHICH HAS RECEIVED THE SPECIAL AWARD FOR PORTRAITURE AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.**

Mr. G. K. Chesterton needs no introduction to readers of "The Illustrated London News," seeing that he has contributed a weekly essay to these pages, under the heading of "Our Notebook," for the past twenty-eight years. They will, therefore, be specially interested in this fine portrait, which has secured the Pirie MacDonald Award for portraiture in the new R.P.S. Exhibition. Mr. Chesterton has won distinction as novelist, dramatist, poet, essayist, literary critic, biographer, historian, and—above all—a shrewd and lively commentator on public

affairs and social and religious questions. It is in this last capacity, of course, that his work is most familiar to our readers, who have had abundant opportunities to appreciate his wit and humour, his enthusiasms in controversy, and his trenchant exposure of shams and fallacies. Apart from his writing, he has no little skill as an artist, while he is well known as a lecturer and broadcast speaker. With his all-round genius and his strong personality, Mr. Chesterton has become, as it were, an English institution—the Dr. Johnson of his day.



# TAKEN IN 1-75,000TH OF A SECOND: SPARK PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE R.P.S.

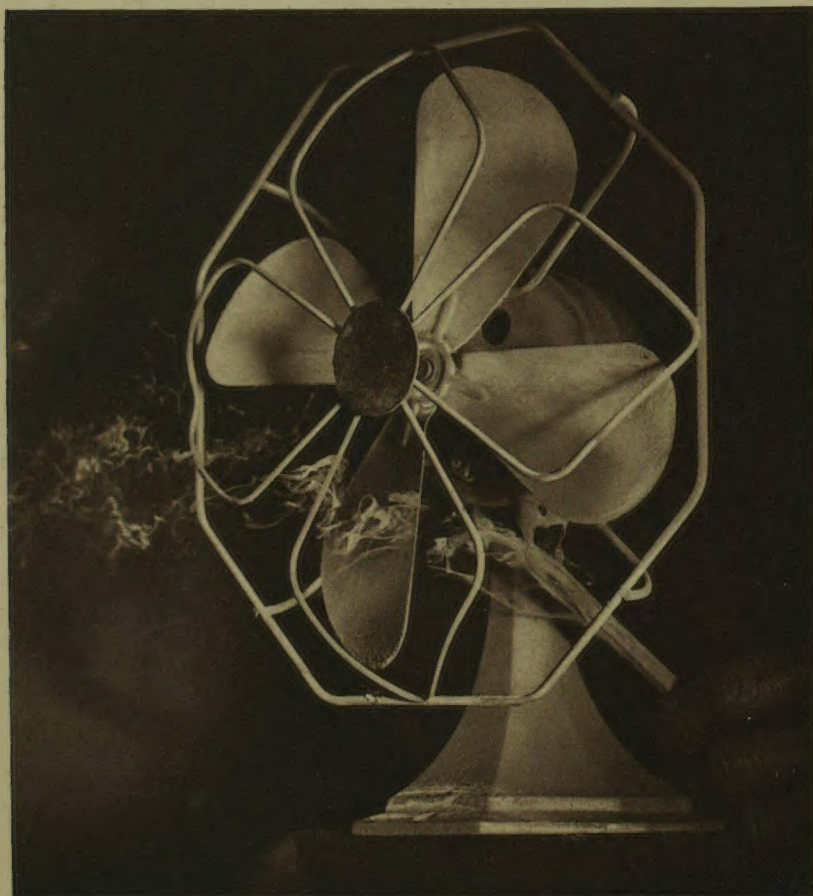
FROM THE ORIGINALS BY K. J. GERMESHAUSEN AND H. E. EDGERTON IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.1.  
SEE ALSO FRONT PAGE AND PAGE 379. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"HAMMER SMASHING A LIGHT-BULB"—TAKEN, LIKE THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS, IN ONE SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSANDTH PART OF A SECOND!



"CUP OF COFFEE STRIKING THE FLOOR."



"FAN RUNNING AT 1800 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE; SHOWING EDDIES IN SMOKE STREAM."

As is noted above, each of these remarkable photographs had an exposure of one seventy-five thousandth part of a second! The stop used was f16. The precise method is not disclosed; it can only be said that the technique is new.

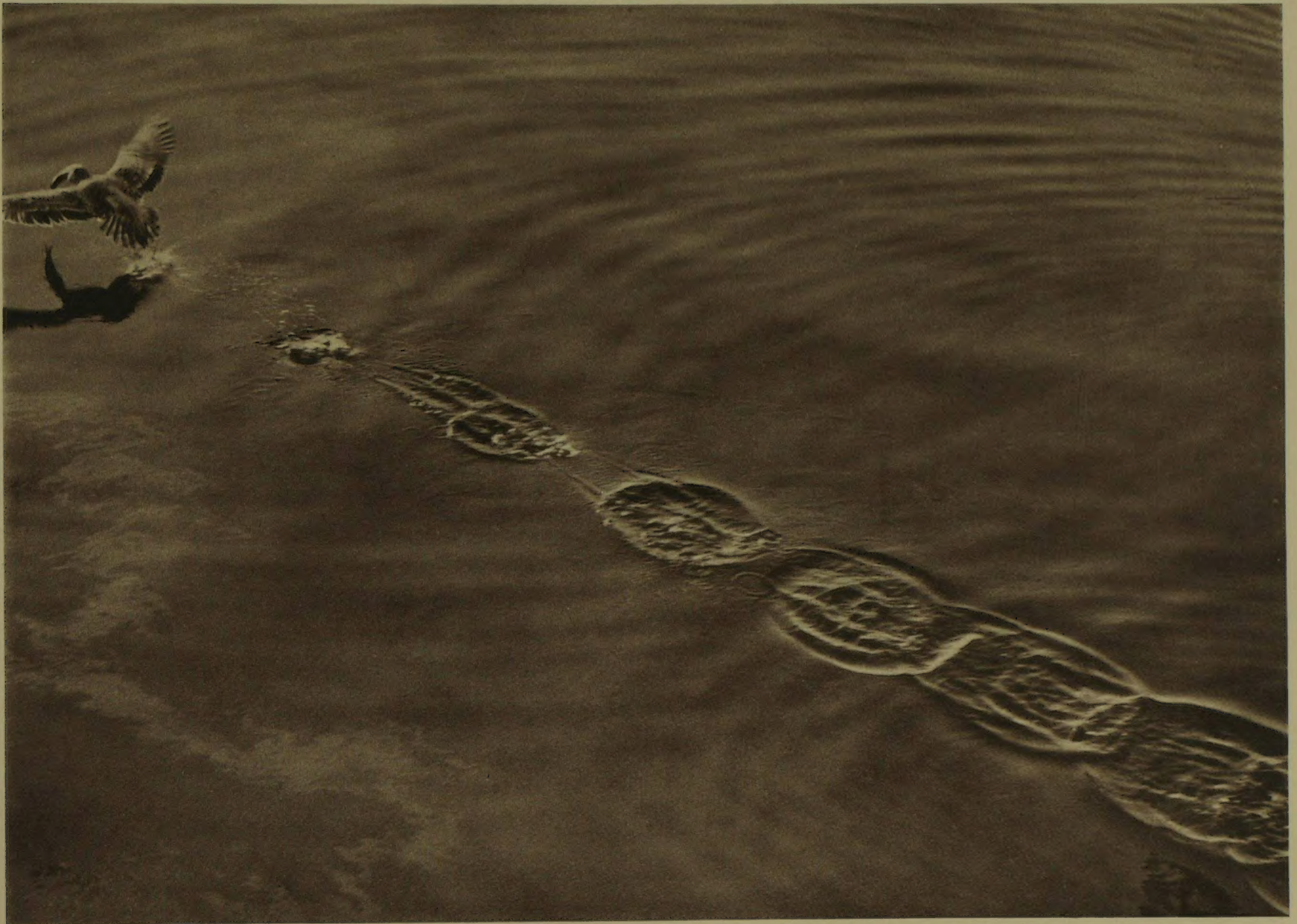


"WATER FLOWING INTO A MILK BOTTLE."



**NATURAL HISTORY PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE R.P.S.: BIRD FLIGHT AND RAGE.**

FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.1. SEE ALSO FRONT PAGE AND PAGE 379. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"CONTACT": BY ROBERT A. BARROWS.



"COCK AND HEN MERLIN—BOTH IN ANGRY MOOD": BY HUGH G. WAGSTAFF, F.R.P.S.



to cover seventy miles or so a day with no great difficulty.

On one of these great international trade-routes, either at Nishapur, where he was educated, or in Cairo, where he spent some years of his youth, it is supposed that a young Persian, called Hasan-i-Sabah, first learnt the uses of hashish, a drug then unknown in the West. He used it to found his sect of Assassins, or Hashishin, whose name still reflects in modern usage the terror and odium which they inspired not only in the Islamic, but in the Crusading world of their day.

The formation of this extraordinary sect has usually been attributed to motives of personal revenge: it is probable, however, that it was strengthened by feelings of nationalism, a native Persian protest against the Mongolian Seljuks, who now ruled in Persia, Asia Minor, and Iraq, and were fighting and finally conquered the caliphs of Egypt and Syria. The centre of the Assassin country, at any rate, and their great strongholds of Alamut and Lambeser, were in the lands of the dispossessed native dynasty of the Buwaihids, where the Sunni Seljuks were hated by the Shia and odd heretical religions of the hills. Whatever motive may have inspired it, the idea of a political power based on murder was Hasan's own, and he must have entertained it for many years before putting it into practice. It is recorded of him that when he was quite a young man, in hiding at a friend's house in Isfahan, he once said that he could overturn the kingdom if he could find only two men absolutely devoted to him; and the statement so perturbed his host that he mixed soothing medicines in Hasan's food to combat this apparent lunacy, little thinking that the young man would live to prove his boast.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ASSASSINS FOR 185 YEARS: THE ALMOST INACCESSIBLE ROCK OF ALAMUT, ON WHICH THE RUINS OF HASAN'S CASTLE MAY STILL BE SEEN, AND THE DEFILE THAT LEADS TO IT.

In the exceedingly interesting article here printed, Miss Freya Stark tells the history of the sect called Assassins, or Hashishin, from whom the word "assassin" came to the languages of Europe. She recently received the Dick Grant of the Royal Geographical Society for her journeys in Persia, and, as our readers will recall, described one of them in an article in our issue of December 31 last. Three of the accompanying photographs, those of the ruined castle at Lambeser, are of particular interest, since, until Miss Stark's visit, that romantic stronghold had not been identified, or, as far as is known, ever previously visited by a European.

ABOUT the end of the thirteenth century, when the Normans were beginning to settle down in England, the eastern Mediterranean and the lands to the east and south of it were still the centres of the civilised world. Politics and art, the common use of beautiful things, science, literature, and the subtleties of government, were practised in the cities of Southern France and Italy, in Constantinople, and most especially in the great cities of the Arab Empire, then at its height, or possibly just beginning to decline. Trade was open and safeguarded from China and India to the Mediterranean, whence, with risks and difficulties, it came up to the north: it was so well cared for that bills could be cashed from the Oms to Antioch, and the volume of spices alone which poured from Asia into Europe was so great that Jews in England were allowed to pay their taxes in pepper. There were three great overland routes, chiefly for the silk trade, from China and north India to Persia and the Caspian, whence they branched off to the Black Sea, to Asia Minor and the Mediterranean, and to Baghdad and Syria; other sea-routes led up the Persian Gulf or round the coasts of Arabia to Cairo. A system of posts, used certainly in the days of the Achemeniads, and possibly earlier, was kept going while the Arab Empire held together, and enabled travellers

## IN THE LAND OF THE HASHISHIN, "ASSASSIN" TO ROCKY FASTNESSES OF THE SECRET SOCIETY OF

By MISS

and was made much of in Cairo, at that time the most enlightened city of the world. Here he met all the celebrities of his day; but here also he became involved in a Court intrigue, was exiled and shipped for Morocco, driven back by contrary winds, and thrown on the Syrian coast.

He was now a homeless exile, thirty-nine or forty years old; and, having experienced the treachery of Courts, made up his mind to carve his own way unaided. He spent nine years proselytising over north Persia and the Eastern Steppes, no one knows how far, though it is said that he reached the bounds of China. He gained followers who believed in him as divine. The Persian race has always produced numbers of such claimants, and the last was the Sheikh of Bazan in Kurdistan only last year. But

him; and the statement so perturbed his host that he mixed soothing medicines in Hasan's food to combat this apparent lunacy, little thinking that the young man would live to prove his boast. Hasan was educated at the University of Nishapur, where he probably met Indians to teach him about the drug hashish and many other mysteries useful to a future prophet. He also met a missionary of the Ismaili, the great heretical sect of the time to which the Caliphs of Egypt belonged; and to this sect he became converted and was nominally subservient to Egypt for the rest of his life.

The story of the pact made between him and Omar Khayyam and Nizam-ul-Mulk, the great Seljuk minister, will not bear investigation; but it is certain that when he left Nishapur and found employment at the Seljuk Court he was made to flee precipitately, and ever after bore rancour to Nizam and to his sons. He fled to Egypt,

OUTSIDE THE EASTERN "GATE" OF THE ASSASSINS' VALLEY, WHICH WAS GUARDED BY A CASTLE AT EACH END: ONE OF THE TWO WAYS BY WHICH ALAMUT MIGHT BE APPROACHED.

few were as remarkable as Hasan-i-Sabah.

He gained many fortresses in the Persian hills, and in 1071 got hold of the Rock of Alamut, in the valley of that name, on the southern slope of the mountains which separate the Persian plateau from the Caspian Sea. The ruins of the castle can still be seen on a high rock jutting out from the mountain. Precipitous ranges enclose the valley on every side but one, where passes lead down into the impenetrable Caspian jungle; the Elburz range shuts in the south; and only two narrow defiles, like gates at either end of the valley, give an entrance and an exit to the Alamut torrent, and to tracks which lead over high ridges to the plain of Qarvin. Hasan chose this inaccessible place as his home, and it became the capital of the Assassins for 185 years. They built or took over a castle at

## THE SECT WHO GAVE THE WORD THE WORLD:

HASHISH-EATERS, THE DREAD MEDIAEVAL PERSIA.

FREYA STARK.

each end of the valley to hold the two defiles; the western one, called Duruyon or Shirkuh, was visited by Colonel Monteith not long ago, and again by M. Iranod a year before my own visit to Alamut; the eastern castle had not, so far as I know, been visited by Europeans until I climbed up to it. The Rock of Alamut itself, however, has been visited fairly frequently by Europeans.

Hasan-i-Sabah never left the Valley of Alamut during the thirty-four remaining years of his life. Here he formed his band of Hashishin. He chose boys of twelve or fourteen from among the simple hill folk and had them brought before him, and told them that he could open the gates of Paradise to all who obeyed him. He then had them drugged



ONE OF THE TWO WAYS LEADING TO THE CAPITAL OF THE DREADED ASSASSINS: THE EASTERN "GATE" OF THE ALAMUT VALLEY—A MERE CLEFT BETWEEN PRECIPITOUS ROCKS.

with the unknown hashish and carried unconscious to a hidden garden, where, when they awoke, they found themselves, as they thought, in Paradise, until, after a few days, they were drugged and borne back to his presence ready to carry out all commands.

It is not known how this business of the garden was managed, nor how the secret was kept while the people were conveyed there and back again, nor has the exact spot in the valley of Alamut ever been found. But the results are undoubted, and the Assassins were absolute in their obedience and careless of death.

The list of murders is almost incredible. One of the first to go was Nizam-ul-Mulk, the great minister. The Assassins continued to gain new lands and castles. In 1093 they obtained Qarvin; they spread south to Isfahan and west to the Syrian Lebanon; they murdered princes in the mosques



A STRONGHOLD OF THE ASSASSINS THAT ONLY FELL TO THE INVADING MONGOLS AFTER A YEAR'S SIEGE: THE CASTLE OF LAMBESAR IN THE SHAHRUD VALLEY, NORTH PERSIA.

of Damascus and Meul; they attacked both Saladin and the young Prince of Wales, who was afterwards Edward I.; and their name became a word of terror through all the Near East. Under the descendants of Hasan, they gradually came to be considered experts in getting rid of inconvenient people, and were often applied to by local potentates in this capacity. They would track an enemy for many months, and usually kill him in a public place, since the murderers had no wish to escape detection. They are mentioned very frequently in the old Crusading chronicles. One of the Christian princes, Count Henri of Champagne, told how he went to visit the chief of the Syrian branch of the Assassins in the hills of the Lebanon, and, strolling on the battlements, was asked by his host if he would like to see an example of these men's obedience. The Assassin chief then called a sentry and commanded him to throw himself from the rampart; and the man did so and was killed.

After nearly two centuries, the end came for the Assassins of Alamut. They were swallowed in the general ruin of the Mongol invasion. That unparalleled destruction came on the Arab Empires towards the middle of the thirteenth century,

advancing like a slow wave from Karakorum and bringing, especially on the eastern lands of Persia, such desolation "that no part of the surface has had so many dead upon it at one time before or since." The Assassins were partly responsible for the westward march of the Mongols. They had become such an intolerable menace that the people of north Persia sent messengers to the Mongol chief to ask his help against them, and Hulagu was sent from Chinese Turkestan with an immense army and the express order to exterminate the Assassins of Alamut. This he did, and at the same time overwhelmed their friends and enemies also; and what was left of them gradually drifted from Persia and ended in India and Zanibar, where they still exist, and where H.H. the Aga Khan is their chief, and looked up to as the descendant of the Old Man of the Mountain. His revenues are largely derived from the religious tax first instituted by Hasan-i-Sabah at Alamut 800 years ago; and it is amusing to think that it is the tithe of the Assassins which assisted him to win the Derby a few years back.

The Rock of Alamut was taken by Hulagu Khan on December 20, 1256, and over 100 of the Assassin castles all over Persia fell one by one at that time. But the two greatest, Lambeser and Girdkuh, held out, the one for twelve and the other for fourteen months, only finally surrendering when all around them was subdued and there was no hope of any rescue.

They are mentioned by the historians, but their actual sites were unknown, and it was only two years ago that I was lucky enough to find Lambeser, after hearing its name accidentally mentioned by a Persian friend in Qarvin. I went to look for it in the district of Rudbar, and discovered it in the lower part of the ShaHRud Valley, west of Alamut, a very malarious bit of country. The great size of the enclosure, embracing the whole sloping mountain top, the steepness of the ascent, and the elaborate arrangements for a water supply, provided both by cisterns in the rock and by a covered way down the hillside to the river, still show what a remarkably strong place it must have been. And within the walls, which cover a space about 1,200 feet by 500, shards of thirteenth-century pottery scattered on the surface of the ground still bear witness to the last stand of the Assassins in this, their native stronghold of the hills.



A STRONG PLACE OF HASAN-I-SABAH'S FAMOUS SECT OF PROFESSIONAL MURDERERS: THE MOUNTAIN CASTLE OF LAMBESAR, IN THE DISTRICT OF RUDBAR, WEST OF ALAMUT.



RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF LAMBESAR, FIRST IDENTIFIED BY MISS FREYA STARK: A VAST STRONGHOLD THAT EMBRACED A MOUNTAIN-TOP AND HELD OUT FOR A YEAR AGAINST THE MONGOL HULAGU KHAN.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH the novel-reader may nowadays eschew trench fiction of the starker sort, serious war reminiscences continue to roll up in considerable numbers, and it is well that it should be so. A generation has arisen which knew not the war and does not in the least realise what it was like, or the appalling sum of pain and misery which it involved. Some of the wilder spirits among these young people, both here and abroad, are gaily canvassing the idea of another war, blind to the fact that it would be far worse than the last and would probably smash our civilisation. Meanwhile, middle-aged folk who went through the war years, and now have young families growing up, are haunted by the fear of what may be in store for their children in some future conflict.

Among recent additions to war-time autobiography one book is *facile princeps*—"WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE." Vol. I. With eleven illustrations (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd.; 21s.). Part of this work has already received advance publication in the Press, but those preliminary trials, far from taking the wind out of its sails, have helped to ensure for it a prosperous voyage. It is a historical document of the first importance. Here is begun, at last, the authentic testimony of the man whose faith, courage, intelligence, and dynamic energy did so much towards ultimate victory. So far as any one man may deserve such a tribute, Mr. Lloyd George was in those days the saviour of his country. Apart from all controversy over his political career before or since, the great work he did then must always be remembered. Readers will be thankful for the circumstances and friendly advice which prompted him at last to take up his pen, instead of bequeathing the task to others. "It was pointed out to me," he writes, "that I was the only person in authority who was in Mr. Britling's position. I 'saw it through' from the outbreak of the quarrel to the settlement of the terms. . . . There is no one (and I often recall the fact with horror) who was as intimately acquainted as myself with the war direction throughout the whole of its rending and tearing course through the vitals of mankind. To tell the story at all is like repeating what was seen in a nightmare, and I shrank for years from writing my record of the horrifying details. . . . But it must be told if such a calamity is to be averted in the future."

In this volume (the first of four) there are two main streams of interest—the early chapters on the origin of the war, with the failure of diplomacy to prevent it; and the bulk of the book describing its course as seen from Downing Street to the end of the second year. Both these phases of the work are of paramount importance as a warning and an object-lesson to statesmen, military leaders, and the general public, besides providing invaluable material for the historian. After sketching the events that led up to the catastrophe, Mr. Lloyd George deals in turn with the financial crisis on the outbreak of war; the fight for munitions and the great shell scandal; labour conditions at home; the strategy of the war, and conflicting claims of the Eastern and Western fronts; the Salonica and Dardanelles expeditions; the Russian collapse; and the tragedy of Serbia. Reading these intimate revelations from the inner ring of our war councils, one cannot but feel that things might have been speeded up and ended differently if Mr. Lloyd George had come into power at an earlier stage. The volume concludes with an extract from his speech in Parliament on December 20, 1915: "Too late in moving here, too late in arriving there, too late in coming to this decision, too late in starting with enterprises, too late in preparing! In this war the foot-steps of the Allied forces have been dogged by the mocking

spectre of 'too late,' and unless we quicken our movements damnation will fall on the sacred cause for which so much gallant blood has flowed. . . . That," he continues, "summed up my considered opinion at the time on the muddled campaign of 1915. That is my judgment to-day after a careful perusal of all the documents and histories written on the subject from every point of view."

While the actual conduct of the war has its lessons for future leaders, it is from its causes and origin that we must learn to preserve the world's peace. Highly important, therefore, are Mr. Lloyd George's criticisms on the failure of diplomacy to avert the catastrophe. "After reading," he says, "most of the literature explaining why the nations went to war, and who was responsible, the impression left on my mind is one of utter chaos, confusion, feebleness and futility, especially of a stubborn refusal to look at the rapidly approaching cataclysm. The nations backed their machines over the precipice. Amongst the rulers and statesmen . . . one can clearly see now that not one of them wanted war; certainly not on this scale. The possible exception is the foolish Berchtold, the Austrian Premier, upon whom must be fixed the chief personal responsibility for most of what happened. . . . There was no arresting voice anywhere to call a halt; no dominant personality to enforce attention or offer acceptable guidance amidst the chaos. . . . Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Poincaré, Viviani, Berchtold, Sazonov, and Grey were all able, experienced, conscientious and respectable mariners, but distinctly lacking in the force, vision, imagination and resource

example, in his allusions to Lord Kitchener), but he has evidently striven to avoid rancour. "In my character sketches of political personages," he writes, "I have sternly repressed every tendency to partisan bias." Besides political colleagues at home, he describes many statesmen and generals whom he met in France. As a writer, he shows the same vivacity, and the same *flair* for picturesque metaphor, that appear so often in his speeches.

On the French side we have had, of course, various memoirs of leaders, such as Foch, Clemenceau, and Poincaré, but I do not remember any English translations of French books that have reflected the ideas and reactions of the people during the war. One might almost say that more German than French war books have appeared in an English guise. Hence I have found it a refreshing novelty—almost a revelation, in fact—to discover a French civilian's attitude to the war, with a panoramic view of French life during the whole four years, presented in "THE PARIS FRONT": An Unpublished Diary, 1914-1918. By Michel Corday (Gollancz; 18s.). The author bears a name famous in French history, but I do not know whether he comes of the same stock as Charlotte Corday. Throughout the war, we learn, he was in Paris, already noted as a writer, and he knew personally many prominent men, including Briand, Caillaux, and Anatole France, and heard much of what was being done and said daily by those at the head of affairs. He himself, indeed, "occupied an official position" (its exact nature is not stated), but his diary has not the least touch of officialism. It is rather in the nature of a scrap-book, containing all sorts of odds and ends of current gossip, rumour, anecdote, comment, reflections, and extracts from the Press, recorded pithily day by day. Everybody knew at the time that he was keeping a diary, and he would constantly be told in conversation: "Corday, put that in your notes!" Thus, in a sense, he may be said to have Boswellised militant Paris in the bulk. His commentary ranges in mood from tragic indignation and bitter irony to amusing quips and humorous anecdote. On the wise advice of Mr. H. G. Wells, who pronounced it "wonderful stuff" when typical sections were submitted to him, it has all been printed just as it was written, thus preserving its freshness and actuality.

M. Corday writes frankly as a pacifist, and for him, as for many another idealist, the war was a spiritual disaster. "Every thought and deed to which its outbreak gave vent," he writes, "struck a bitter and mortal blow at the one great belief of my heart—the continuous progress of the race towards greater happiness. . . . I had not believed that this thing could happen. It marked the collapse of my faith. . . . All that was left to me—a sincere support of our cause—came later. Though French, I remained human." Anatole France, he tells us, was likewise profoundly affected. "His thoughts," we read, "constantly revert to the horror of the trenches. Never have I seen a man without relatives at the front so sensitive to the horror of this long-drawn and calamitous folly."

One of the most astonishing things about the effect of the war on individual character is that the greatest sense of cheerfulness and optimism is often found in those who suffered most and whom it would hardly be surprising to find embittered. An outstanding example of such a moral triumph, over the worst that fate could inflict, is to be found in the story of a British officer who was blinded in the first campaign in Belgium. He has since not only preserved his faith in human nature, but has made a career for himself, in osteopathy, and, by developing to the full his other

physical faculties, has become a fervent advocate of the principle long ago expressed by Horace—"Mens sana in corpore sano." The book I mean is "FROM MONS TO 1933." By Captain Gerald Lowry, F.R.G.S. With Forewords by Lord Amptill and Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby. With sixteen Plates and other Text Illustrations (Simpkin Marshall; 5s.). I can recommend this book as a wonderful antidote to pessimism and disillusion, besides being a personal record of extraordinary interest. C. E. B.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER '6 AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "THE RUINS OF THETFORD ABBEY," A WATER-COLOUR BY JOHN SELL COTMAN.

John Sell Cotman (1782-1842), comparatively neglected during his life, is now recognised as one of the supreme masters of English water-colour; that is, of all water-colour. He worked from the beginning with great breadth of treatment in flat washes of colour in a style peculiarly his own. His work has often been compared with that of the great Japanese makers of colour-woodcuts, although it seems certain that their productions were unknown to him.



THIS WEEK'S MASTERPIECE AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN EGYPTO-ROMAN DISH OF THE SECOND OR THIRD CENTURY A.D.

This dish is an outstanding example of one of the most beautiful products of the applied arts of ancient times, the ceramic ware glazed in colour made in Egypt under the Roman Empire. Its exterior is glazed with the brilliant blue derived from copper so familiar on Ushabti figures, while the interior displays a colouring and technique also much in favour under the earlier dynasties, that of inlay with a manganese-purple enamel.

which alone could have saved the situation. They were all handy men in a well-behaved sea, but helpless in a typhoon."

Subsequently Mr. Lloyd George devotes a whole chapter to the character of Lord Grey and his handling of the tremendous crisis that confronted him in 1914. Lord Grey, however, is not the only one among his war-time contemporaries of whom we get revealing pen-portraits. Mr. Lloyd George never shrinks from candour (as, for



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



AIR DEFENCE PROPAGANDA AT THE LEIPZIG FAIR: MODELS OF BOMBS AND ASBESTOS EQUIPMENT (LEFT); AND A GAS-PROOF, SANDBAGGED CELLAR, WITH A CONCRETE CEILING. On another page in this issue we show one of the forms that air defence propaganda is taking in Berlin—the insistence on gas-proof shelters in both private houses and public buildings in the city. Here the same object of imbuing the public with a sense of their defencelessness from air attack is evident at Leipzig, where the Autumn Fair, the scene of these photographs, was opened on August 27. An instance of Japanese preoccupation with the same menace is shown opposite.



NEUTRALISING "POISON GAS" IN THE STREETS OF TOKIO: AN ASPECT OF THE EXTENSIVE AIR DEFENCE MANOEUVRES RECENTLY UNDERTAKEN IN JAPAN. This photograph shows a vivid example of the exercises carried out in Japan, where the whole of Tokio, including Japanese troops, patriotic societies, and the civilian population, co-operated to test the city's air defences and simulate possible war-time conditions. Men in gas-masks are seen working with chemicals to neutralise imaginary poison gas in the streets. The Japanese manoeuvres are comparable with the attempts in Germany to make the public "air-defence-minded."



THE ITALIAN LINER "REX" BACK AT NAPLES AFTER HER RECORD "BLUE RIBAND" CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC: OFFICERS AND MEN CHEERING THE SPEECH OF WELCOME.

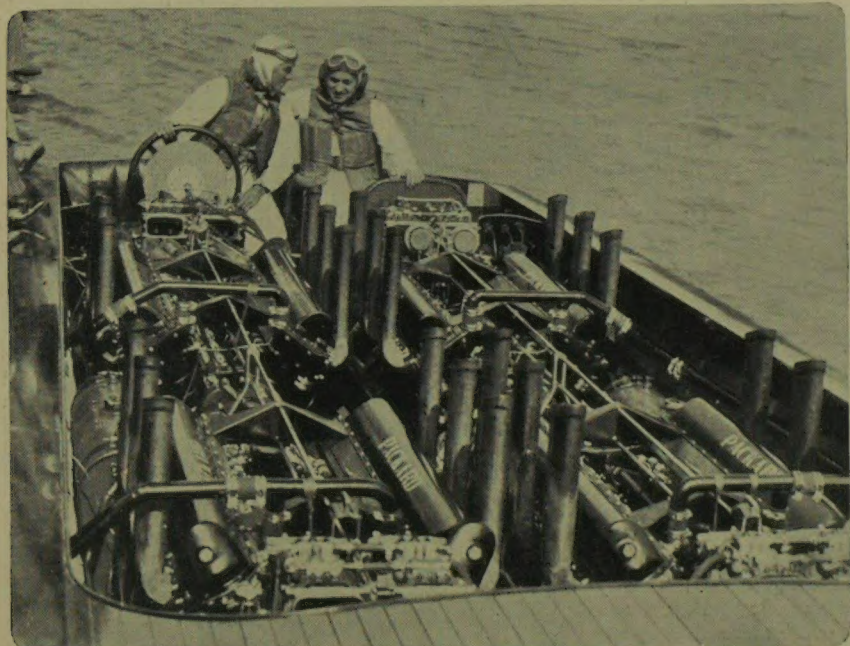
With a passage of four days, thirteen hours, fifty-eight minutes from Gibraltar to New York, the Italian liner "Rex" broke all records for the Atlantic crossing, and is seen in our right-hand photograph flying the "Blue Riband of the Atlantic" from her mast. It was the first time that the Blue Riband had been more than a figure of speech. Averaging 28.92 knots and arriving twenty-eight hours ahead of schedule, the "Rex" beat the records of the German "Bremen," which crossed from New York

(Continued on right.



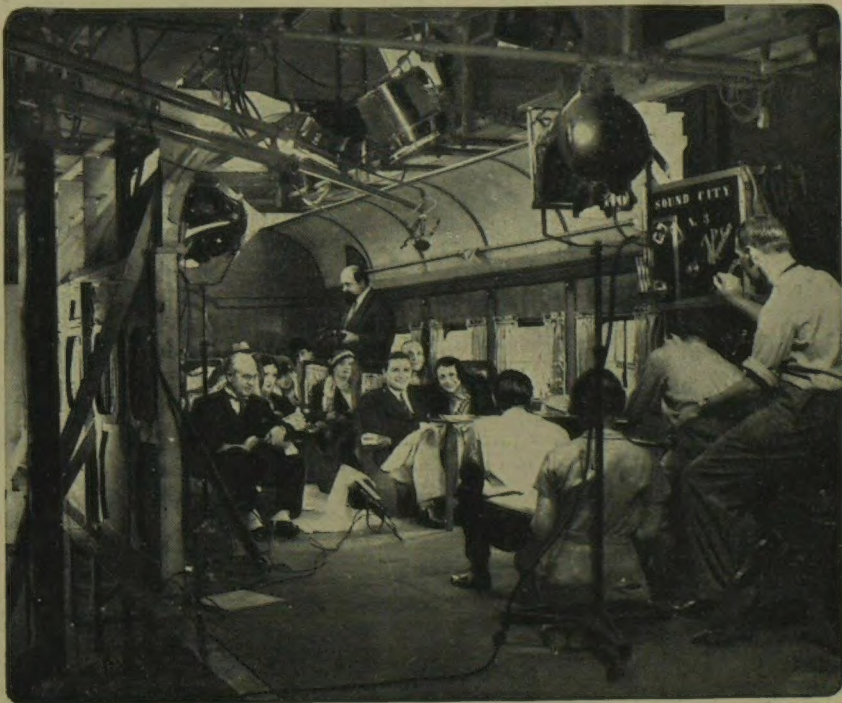
THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE ATLANTIC IN ACTUAL FACT: A LONG PENNON, INSCRIBED "REX," FLYING FROM THE LINER'S MASTHEAD.

to Cherbourg at the rate of 28.51 knots, and of the "Europa," which had made the fastest west-bound passage with an average of 27.92 knots. The Italian liner had been built for the express purpose of beating the record, and to a large extent owed her success to the determination of Signor Mussolini to put Italy in the forefront of all modern enterprise and win speed laurels for his country.



THE ENGINES OF "MISS AMERICA X," WINNER OF THE FIRST TWO RACES FOR THE HARMSWORTH TROPHY; GAR WOOD (LEFT) AND HIS MECHANIC.

Garfield Wood, the holder, won the first race for the Harmsworth Trophy at Algonac, Michigan, on September 2, when "Miss America X" beat Mr. Scott-Paine's "Miss Britain III." by about three miles. The four Packard engines of the American boat developed about 7000 h.p., enabling Wood to average 82½ knots against "Miss Britain's" 78½. The second race, on September 4, resulted in a half-mile win for Wood, America thus retaining the trophy.



AN AIR LINER IN A FILM STUDIO: THE INTRICACY OF LIGHTING ARRANGEMENTS AND MACHINERY IN THE RECONSTRUCTED INTERIOR OF "HERACLES."

The interior of the Imperial Airways liner "Heracles" was entirely reconstructed in the studios of Sound City, Shepperton, for their production "Paris Plane," soon to be seen in London. This photograph shows the after-compartment as the audience will not see it; with the heroine, Molly Lamont, sitting with Barrie Livesey in the front row. The director, John Carstairs, is kneeling with his back to the camera.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## ENVIRONMENT AND EVOLUTION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

NOT long ago on this page I described that extraordinarily interesting, if extremely ugly, burrowing rodent, the naked sand-rat (*Heurocephalus*). It brought me some welcome letters, and in one of these I was asked some pertinent questions concerning current ideas on "adaptation to environment." My correspondent kindly suggested that my reply should form the theme of one of my essays on this page, rather than a letter addressed to him personally. "Adaptation to environment" is a theme which has long captivated me; yet, as a theory, I have become more and more convinced of its unreality as a means of interpreting a number of profoundly important aspects of Evolution.

What do we really mean when we say that this or that animal shows "adaptation to the environment"? By the "environment" surely we mean the character of the ground—whether of sand, rocks, or marshy ground—and of the vegetation and the animal life it harbours. Together they form the "environment" of the fifty, or fifty thousand, different species of animals we find in the particular type of "environment" we are surveying. In a South American forest we shall find the tree-dwelling animals known as sloths suspended, back-downwards, from branches, and we say that here, indeed, is a good instance of "adaptation to environment." If we turn to the sea we may encounter, within a few minutes, a bottle-nose dolphin, a bottle-nose whale, and a baleen-whale. Now, since the environment—sea-water—is the same for each, why are the "adaptations" so different? One has 46 teeth in its jaws, one is toothless, and one has the mouth beset by some 300 plates of "whale-bone"!

Again, bats, birds, butterflies, and bees all live in an "environment" of air. But how could such an environment beget flight; and why after such profoundly different means?



2. THE BURROWING MOLE-RAT, WHICH DIGS WITH ITS JAWS (SIDE VIEW); SHOWING THAT THE FEET, THOUGH ARMED WITH LARGE CLAWS, ARE LESS CHANGED THAN THOSE OF THE MOLE, WHICH DIGS WITH FEET ALONE.

Neither eyes nor ears are visible. The eyes lie under the skin, a greater degeneration than in the mole. The aperture to the internal ear is indicated by an arrow. The burrows these animals make are of great length, and include large sleeping-apartments and food stores. The living animal is more pleasing in appearance than this specimen preserved in spirit.

It seems to me that we are obsessed by "the environment"; we personify it as the potter, and the animals as the clay. But this topsy-turvy outlook is not the only bar to our progress in the interpretation of Evolution. In the past, as now, men have sought for and pinned their faith on some one cause or agency. Lamarckism, Darwinism, Mendelism, Holism—each in turn has been adopted as the solvent we are looking for. Evolution depends not on any one of these, but each and all of them, and a dozen more. What are commonly cited as "adaptations to environment" are really adjustments to concentrated activities, or, in other words, the inherited effects of use or disuse.

The complex woodpecker's tongue did not come about by "adaptation to the environment," but began with a change of habit in its choice of food—for *habit precedes structure*. The first woodpeckers ate ants probably quite as easily as do their descendants to-day, and they had no special apparatus, but a normal tongue. Many birds to-day eat ants without

the slightest modification of either jaws or tongue to that end. But by persistent use of the tongue as an ant-catcher, by both sexes and at all ages, the tongue has elongated, and its hyoid bones have followed suit; while the persistent presence of formic acid in the mouth enlarged the salivary glands, adding still more to the efficiency of the tongue.



1. THE SKULL OF THE MOLE-RAT SEEN FROM ABOVE; SHOWING THE GREAT OUTWARD PROJECTION OF THE CHEEK-ARCHES (A) FOR MUSCLES USED IN DIGGING.

The cheek-arches project to allow for the attachment of muscles running outwards from the brain-case. To the great flat plate (B) formed by a modification of the back of the skull are attached neck muscles which give the driving force for burrowing with the horn-sheathed snout.

And now let me pass to certain burrowing rodents and insectivores, to which my correspondent directed my special attention. The mole may be called the typical burrower. In its general form it seems most admirably "adapted" for burrowing. Its eyes are reduced to mere vestiges, its external ears have gone, and its fur is reversible, so that it can move forwards or backwards in its burrow without damage to its precious coat; while its shoulder-girdle and fore-limbs have become profoundly modified by the incidence of continuous digging. Its eyes, we are told, were reduced by "natural selection." The first moles, with large eyes, got ophthalmitis from grit falling from the walls of the burrow. Those with the smallest eyes survived.

There is, however, no need for this theory to account for the degenerate eye. It is just as small in the shrews, which do not delve for their food underground. Now, the mole is, to all intents and purposes, a shrew, and both belong to the same group—Insectivora. The golden moles of South Africa are also insectivores. But here the *claws*, and not the hand, have become specially "adapted" for digging. If the "environment" were the only factor in this process of transformation it should produce the same result in both animals, even though they are not very closely related. But the differences between the two types are to be attributed to the different qualities of the tissues of the two types, which have, accordingly, responded differently to precisely similar stimuli.

Many rodents have also taken to a subterranean hunting-ground; and they, too, have assumed a mole-like shape. The strange and repulsively ugly "naked sand-rat," which I described on this page some time ago, is a peculiarly interesting type, since it has lost not only eyes and ears, but fur as well. To-day I give another example of the same family—*Spalax typhlus*, the mole-rat of south-east Europe, whence it extends into Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia and Lower Egypt. Its eyes are even more degenerate than those of the mole, since they lie under the skin; its fur, like that of the mole, is reversible. It burrows, however, not with its feet, but with its snout and huge front teeth, used for cutting roots, which give

the mouth the hideous appearance seen in Fig. 3. It drives burrows 30 or 40 yards long, 18 in. below the surface, and descends at intervals into large chambers 4 ft. below ground, used as sleeping apartments and food-stores.

The totally different method of burrowing registers itself in the skull, which has enormously wide "cheek-arches," for the attachment of muscles extending outwards from the cranium, and in the transformation of the back of the skull into a great flat plate (Fig. 1). But, besides this, the snout is reinforced by a horny pad. Different responses have been made by the much larger bamboo mole-rats of North India, China, and the Malayan region. One of them, the Sumatran mole-rat (*Rhizomys sumatrensis*), measures as much as 19 in. in length; while of two species of Cape mole-rats (*Bathyergus*), one, *B. maritimus*, is nearly a foot long. These are all, as their name implies, mole-like animals; but each has, so to speak, taken its own line not because of, but rather in spite of, the environment. Their wide geographical range is instructive, for it embraces very different "environments."

Finally, the "marsupial mole" of South Australia, which is not even remotely related either to the insectivores or the rodents, shows adjustments of the fore-limbs quite as profound as in the common mole (*Talpa*), but of a different nature, the digging being done chiefly by two enormous claws on the fore-feet. But not only in regard to the feet, but also in that of the vertebral column, it has changed in relation to this life of intensive digging even more than the common mole. It is not the "environment" which has moulded *Notoryctes* and these others. Their several peculiarities have come into being gradually, as a consequence of a habit formed ages ago of seeking food *under* the ground instead of above it.



3. A RESPONSE TO A BURROWING MODE OF LIFE: THE MOUTH OF THE BURROWING MOLE-RAT (*SPALAX TYPHLUS*); SHOWING THE EXTENSIVE RETRACTION OF THE LOWER LIP, WHICH GIVES THE HEAD A REPULSIVE APPEARANCE.

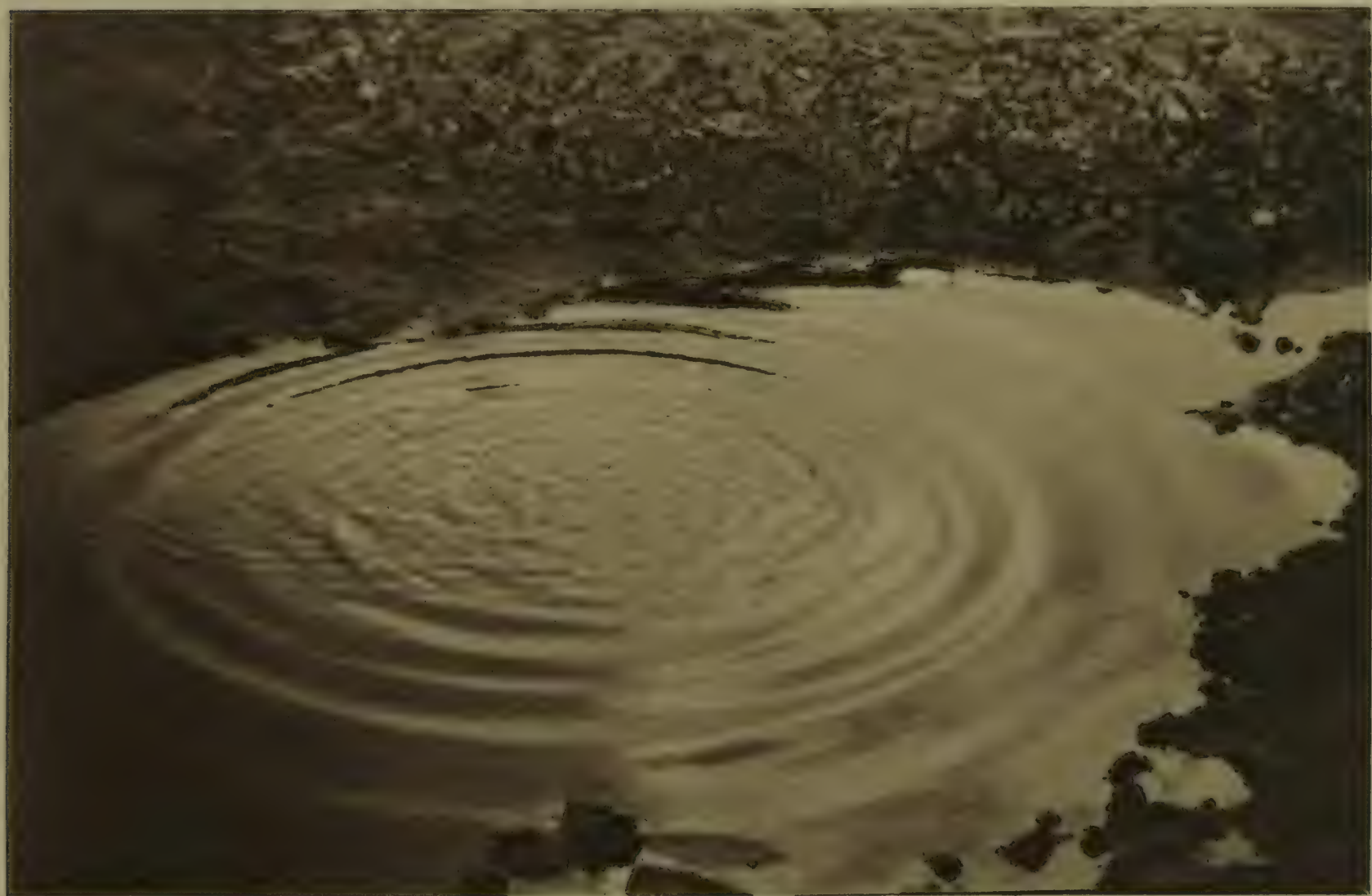
This photograph shows the great size of the teeth and the unusual amount of gum below them. A horny pad on the snout is used, instead of the fore-feet, to force a passage through the earth. The teeth are used for cutting through roots or to remove earth surrounding a stone which bars further progress.



## THE "LAKE OF THE EVIL EYE": A TERRIFYING SECOND DISAPPEARANCE.



THE MYSTERY OF LOUGH NA SUIL: PART OF THE DRY LAKE-BED, WHOSE WATERS RECENTLY VANISHED AGAIN, WITH WEIRD SOUNDS AS OF A WAILING MULTITUDE, A FEW DAYS AFTER THEY HAD RETURNED WITHIN A MONTH OF THEIR PREVIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.



"THE GULF OF BALOR'S EYE," NAMED FROM THE LEGENDARY ENCOUNTER BETWEEN BALOR AND A GIANT KING: THE EYE-SHAPED CRATER THROUGH WHICH THE LAKE DISAPPEARED, WITH AN OUTBURST OF AIR AND GAS THAT CAUSED THE WATER TO "BOIL UP"—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE NEXT DAY.

The waters of Lough Na Suil, an Irish lake at Geevagh, County Sligo, which disappeared early in August and reappeared at the end of that month with volcanic eruptions of earth and water, suddenly vanished again on September 1. An eye-witness said that the water went down through the cavity, or crater, called "The Gulf of Balor's Eye," with a loud and awesome sound, "as of a multitude of human voices mourning the dead." The rest of the lake-bed was left completely dry. This second disappearance of the waters within so short a time caused terror in the district, for it broke the local tradition that the waters vanish for a few days every hundred years to commemorate Balor of

the Evil Eye. According to the legend, Balor was slain here by the giant king, Nuadha. During their struggle, one of Balor's eyes was knocked out, and a lake was formed on the spot. It is still known as the "Lake of the Evil Eye." The eye-shaped crater through which the waters descend is 20 ft. long and 18 ft. deep. The lake itself was 30 ft. deep in parts and 45 acres in area, containing 52,000,000 cubic feet of water. At the beginning of August the water vanished in a few hours, leaving dead fish stranded on the mud flats. When it returned, tourists had been walking on the dry lake-bed all day, and one man had to run for the shore, as the ground was so quickly flooded.



OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD: HAPPENINGS FAR AND NEAR.



THE PARADOX OF OVER-PRODUCTION IN A DISTRESSED WORLD: AN IMMENSE PILE OF HOPS READY TO BE DESTROYED TO HELP SMALL PRODUCERS.

In an explanatory note supplied with the above photographs, it is stated: "Hops worth thousands of pounds from the 1930 crop are being burnt in a valley near Zatec, Czechoslovakia. The hops were purchased by the Government, and have been destroyed in order to save small producers from large losses." The scene recalls those illustrated in our issue of July 16, 1932, in connection with the wholesale destruction of coffee in Brazil. On that occasion we remarked: "The tragedy



A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN COUNTERPART TO THE DESTRUCTION OF BRAZILIAN COFFEE: THE PILE OF HOPS (SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH) BEING BURNT.

of over-production, or, rather, of ill-distribution, has nowhere been more poignant than in the case of Brazilian coffee. Coffee should be Brazil's greatest source of wealth, for two-thirds of the world's total crop is harvested there. Yet, with vanishing markets, attempts to stabilise the price have resulted in the destruction of over a thousand million lb. of coffee, worth (theoretically) over £10,000,000." The coffee was burnt, tarred, or jettisoned.



THE MILE-LONG FRONTAGE OF THE ENORMOUS NEW PALACE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA: A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM THE LAKE, SHOWING THE WORLD'S LARGEST ASSEMBLY BUILDING, DESIGNED TO HOLD 3000 PEOPLE, COMPLETE IN ITS OUTER SHELL.

The new Palace of the League of Nations, now under construction at Geneva, will, it is said, be the largest assembly building in the world, and will accommodate no fewer than 3000 people. The outer shell, already completed, is a mile long. In order to ensure quiet, it is reported, the authorities are moving the Geneva-Lausanne railway line. Sir John Simon, it may be recalled, stated in Parliament last March: "The total estimated cost of the Palace of Nations at Geneva

is 30,000,000 gold francs, of which 4,250,000 francs have been generously given by Mr. Rockefeller to cover the cost of the new library. Up to date, contracts amounting in all to approximately 15,500,000 francs have been allocated, and, of these, two, amounting together to about 870,000 francs, have been awarded to British firms." According to information supplied with the above photograph, the Palace is expected to be finished some time in 1935.



"GARAGES" FOR PERAMBULATORS: A NEW AMENITY IN HOUSING ACCOMMODATION PROVIDED WITH THE HELP OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Now that the subject of housing is so much under discussion, it is interesting to see that London has led the way in a new improvement—the provision of "garages" for perambulators and other small vehicles such as push-carts and bicycles, in connection with blocks of flats. The particular buildings (here illustrated) in which this useful innovation has been introduced, with the aid of the L.C.C., are those on the Riverside Gardens Estate at Hammersmith.



A WARNING TO TRAFFIC DURING THE MARCH FROM ALDERSHOT TO SALISBURY PLAIN FOR MANOEUVRES: MEN OF THE 2ND CAMERONS PRECEDE THE BATTALION.

Troops of the 2nd Division recently marched from Aldershot to Salisbury Plain for the annual manoeuvres. The 5th Infantry Brigade included the 2nd Battalion The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. As their route lay mostly through narrow lanes, they marched "in column of threes" (instead of the usual fours), a formation occasionally used in France during the war. The letters of the notice are prisms, to reflect the lights of cars.



# EVENTS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA: ITEMS OF THE WEEK.



BRITAIN'S NAVAL MIGHT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—THE FLEET AT TIVAT, YUGOSLAVIA:  
A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE FIFTY SHIPS SWINGING IN LINE.

On August 5 the Mediterranean Fleet, under Admiral Sir William Fisher, concentrated at Tivat, in the Bay of Kotor, formerly the Austrian naval base of Cattaro, but now one of the chief ports of Yugoslavia. Of the individual ships that can be discerned in the photograph, H.M.S. "Royal Oak" (nearer camera) and H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign" are on the extreme right; and H.M. Aircraft-Carrier "Glorious" is at the far end of the next line.



THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING HIS CUPS TO THE WINNING TEAM AT BIARRITZ:  
LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN RECEIVING HIS CUP.

The Prince of Wales, who has been taking a holiday at Biarritz, personally made the presentation to the polo team that won the Prince of Wales's Cup. Our photograph shows (from left to right) Mr. T. Rasson, Mr. H. Couturié, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Prince A. Mdivani. The last-named, it will be recalled, recently married Miss Barbara Hutton, the American heiress. The Prince of Wales, during his holiday, played golf on the famous Chiberta links at Biarritz.



THE COMPLETION OF A GIGANTIC PROJECT: CLOSING THE LAST GAP IN THE DYKE  
ACROSS THE ZUIDER ZEE.

As we have illustrated many times in these pages, the colossal task of reclaiming a large part of the Zuider Zee has steadily proceeded. A notable step was taken recently when the last gap was closed in the great dyke constructed to shut out the North Sea. A monument, it is said, will be raised on the spot to commemorate this wonderful feat of engineering, which is giving Holland thousands of acres of arable soil.



OCEAN CITY LIVES UP TO ITS NAME! A MARYLAND SEASIDE RESORT MAROONED  
BY THE HURRICANE THAT SWEEPED THE EASTERN STATES.

A community that suffered severely in the great storm that struck the eastern sea-board of the United States on August 23 and 24 was Ocean City, Maryland. This remarkable air photograph shows the town almost isolated by the ravages of the hurricane. The railway line (foreground) was wrecked and the viaduct severely damaged, cutting off communication with the mainland. The Atlantic breakers may be seen beyond.



THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL: A BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH  
OF THE OPENING SERVICE IN PROGRESS.

The 213th music meeting of the Three Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester was begun at Hereford on September 3 with the customary service in the cathedral. The afternoon service was attended in state by the Mayor of Hereford and other civic dignitaries. Sir Edward Elgar conducted the London Symphony Orchestra at the beginning, and his place was then taken by Dr. Percy Hull, conductor-in-chief of the Festival.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. A. G. WALKDEN.

President of the 65th Trades Union Congress, which, on September 4, opened at Brighton for the first time. General Secretary, Railway Clerks' Association. Presided at National Labour Housing Conference.



SIR FREDERICK G. HOPKINS.

President of the British Association, which meets at Leicester from September 6 to 13. Arranged to deliver the Presidential Address on "Some Chemical Aspects of Life," Professor of Biochemistry at Cambridge.



THE HON. A. M. G. CADOGAN, C.B.

Appointed British Minister to China in succession to Sir Miles Lampson. Became a Counsellor in the Foreign Office in 1928. For ten years has done outstanding work in connection with the League of Nations.



COMDR. H. G. CAMPBELL, D.S.O.

Appointed Private Secretary and Equerry to the Duke of York, in place of Mr. Patrick Hodgson, C.M.G., resigned as private secretary. Commanded H.M.S. "Daffodil" in the raid on Zeebrugge.



SIR MALCOLM ROBINSON.

Formerly Chief Inspector of Factories. Died August 27; aged seventy-six. Made an Inspector of Factories in 1882, and Chief Inspector in 1917. Was knighted on retirement in 1920.

M. GEORGES LEYGUES.

French Minister of Marine, a portfolio which he held in eleven Governments. Prime Minister in 1920. After a long and distinguished political career, died on September 2, aged seventy-six. Was given a national funeral.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF BULGARIA ON A PRIVATE VISIT TO LONDON: THEIR MAJESTIES TALKING TO A POLICEMAN.

King Boris III. and Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria, travelling incognito, arrived in London on the evening of September 3. By command of the King, they were met at Victoria by Lord Munster, Lord-in-Waiting. The Bulgarian Minister, M. Hadji-Mischeff, was also present. Next day they went about the West End informally, and in Hyde Park posed for this photograph. Queen Giovanna is a daughter of the King of Italy.



SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS.

Appointed Public Relations Officer at the General Post Office. At present Secretary to the Empire Marketing Board, which is to be discontinued after September 30. The post of Public Relations Officer is a new one.



THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE CHAIRMAN AN M.P. AGAIN: MR. HENDERSON—A NEW BUST.

In the recent by-election in the Clay Cross Division of Derbyshire, Mr. Henderson was returned with a Labour majority of 15,638. "I regard the result," he said, "as a clear and decisive declaration against war." This bust, by Sigismund de Strobl, is to be placed in the Hungarian National Museum at Budapest.



A JEWISH OPPONENT OF THE NAZIS MURDERED: HERR THEODOR LESSING.

Herr Theodor Lessing, formerly Professor of Philosophy at the Polytechnic in Hanover, was murdered during the night of August 30 at Marienbad, Czechoslovakia. The murderers fired through a window on the second floor, hitting him in the head. Professor Lessing, who was a Socialist and a Jew, had left Germany early this year.



A FAMOUS ITALIAN AIRMAN KILLED AS HE TOOK OFF FOR A LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHT: THE MARCHESE FRANCESCO DE PINEDO.

The Marchese Francesco de Pinedo was killed at the Floyd Bennett airport, New York, on September 2, when the monoplane "Santa Lucia," in which he had planned to set a new long-distance record by flying to Baghdad, crashed while taking off and burst into flames. The Marchese flew from Rome to Tokio and back in 1925; and in 1927 flew from Rome across the South Atlantic, then through South and North America, returning across the North Atlantic.



WINNER OF THE ULSTER TOURIST TROPHY RACE AT BELFAST: T. NUVOLARI (CENTRE); WITH HIS WIFE AND MECHANIC (RIGHT).

T. Nuvolari, the famous Italian racing motorist, won the Ulster T.T. race promoted by the R.A.C. over the Ards Course, Belfast, on September 2, driving a British M.G. Magnette. He averaged 78.65 m.p.h. during the race, in which a number of records were broken. The contest resulted in one of the most exciting finishes ever seen in motor-racing. H. C. Hamilton, the Ulster driver, lost by only 40 seconds, having run out of petrol with one lap to go.



# THE MAN WHO TRIED TO STOP THE WAR: A HISTORIC FIGURE.



VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, K.G., P.C., F.R.S.: THE DISTINGUISHED LIBERAL STATESMAN WHO, AS SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS WHEN THE GREAT CRISIS OF 1914 AROSE, DID HIS BEST BY DIPLOMATIC ACTION TO PREVENT WAR IN EUROPE.

ALTHOUGH his historic speech in Parliament stating the British position on the eve of the Great War, in 1914, went far to determine this country's participation therein, Lord Grey will undoubtedly be remembered as the European statesman who, above all others, had striven heart and soul to prevent the catastrophe. Sir Edward Grey (as he was then) had become Foreign Secretary in 1905, and retained that office until 1916. He was raised to the Peerage, as first Viscount Grey of Fallodon, in that year. He was born in 1862, and was educated at Winchester and Balliol College, Oxford. Throughout his career in the House of Commons he represented the same constituency, Berwick-on-Tweed, from 1885 to 1916. In 1928 he became

*[Continued opposite.]*



VISCOUNT GREY AS BIRD-LOVER: THE FAMOUS STATESMAN IN PRIVATE LIFE, FEEDING WILD DUCKS IN THE BIRD SANCTUARY ON HIS NORTHUMBRIAN ESTATE AT FALLODON.

Chancellor of Oxford University. He married twice—first, in 1885, Miss Dorothy Widrington, who died in 1906; and secondly, Pamela, widow of the first Baron Glenconner. She died in 1928. As a young man, Lord Grey won the M.C.C. and Queen's Club tennis prize (in 1896), and was a skilful angler. At one time he suffered much from failing eyesight, but he was able to pursue his favourite hobby of studying and befriending birds, especially wild ducks. Photographs of him in his famous bird sanctuary at Fallodon (one of which we now reproduce) appeared in our issue of November 12, 1932. As an author, he is known by a volume of memoirs entitled "Twenty-Five Years" (1892 to 1916), "Fallodon Papers," "Fly-Fishing," and "The Charm of Birds."



## THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE NEWS: SPORTING OCCASIONS; AND "ZOO" RARITIES.



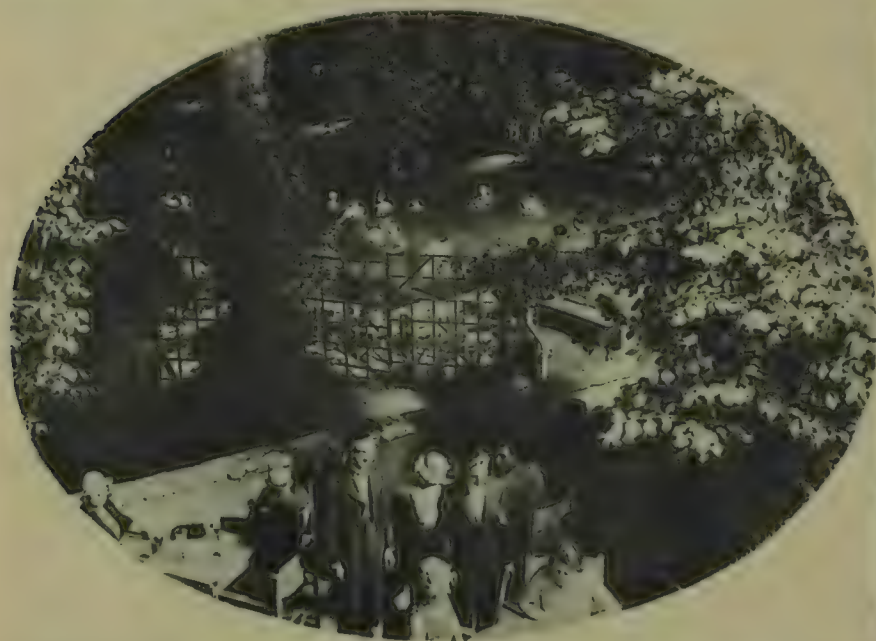
A SCENE THAT SUGGESTS "BEATING THE BOUNDS" DURING A GOLF MATCH: STEWARDS WITH LONG CANES ACCOMPANYING PLAYERS TO KEEP THE "GALLERY" AT A DISTANCE DURING AN EXHIBITION FOURSOME.

Those who know what a nuisance an impetuous "gallery" can be during competitive golf, and are familiar with methods used by stewards to control the onlookers, will be interested in these photographs taken the other day on the Stinchcombe Hill Golf Club's course, Dursley, on the



THE CANES IN USE: THE STEWARDS FORMING A BARRIER WITH THEM IN ORDER TO KEEP THE "GALLERY" AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE ON THE STINCHCOMBE HILL GOLF COURSE.

occasion of an exhibition foursome between Miss Diana Fishwick and the Duke of Beaufort and Mrs. Percy Garon and the Earl of Westmorland. In the first photograph Miss Fishwick is on the right; in the second, her partner, the Duke of Beaufort, is in play.



BATHING BY NIGHT—AND BY FLOOD-LIGHTING—DURING THE HOT SPELL: IN THE POOL OF THE SPIDER'S WEB, A ROAD HOUSE ON THE WATFORD BY-PASS.



BATHING BY NIGHT—AND BY FLOOD-LIGHTING—DURING THE HOT SPELL: A SCENE ON BRIGHTON'S "LIDO BEACH"; WITH BATHERS, PADDLERS, AND CANOEISTS.

Needless to say, the hot spell has meant a rush to sea, to river, to baths, and to bathing-pools, especially those in the open. Our photographs are self-explanatory; but it may be remarked that the road house is ever gaining in popularity; particularly the road house that is within easy motoring distance of a stuffy, sweltering London.



THE SMALLEST OF ALL THE RUMINANTS AS NOW REPRESENTED IN THE "ZOO": "MABEL," A ROYAL ANTELOPE (*NANOTRAGUS PYGMÆUS*) FROM THE GUINEA COAST. "Mabel," who is now to be seen at the "Zoo," is fourteen inches long, a true representative of the Royal Antelope of the Guinea Coast. This is described in the "Royal Natural History" as follows: "Although the name steinbok is properly restricted to a single species of antelope, it will be convenient in zoology to apply it to all the members of a small group of these animals forming the genus *Nanotragus*. . . . The third member of the section is the royal antelope (*N. pygmaeus*) of the Guinea Coast, which is the smallest of all the Ruminants, standing only twelve inches at the shoulder. It is of a bright chestnut colour, darker on the back than the flanks, with the under-parts glistening white." The other members are the true steinbok (*N. campestris*) and the Zanzibar steinbok (*N. moschatus*).



WELCOMED AT THE "ZOO": A MALE SUMICHRAST'S NIGHTMOUSE FROM BRITISH HONDURAS. (LIFE-SIZE.)

This specimen of *Nyctomys sumichrasti* was found, with a nest, among bananas in the ripening chamber of a Southampton fruit importer's store, and was caught with considerable difficulty. It had come over from British Honduras as a stowaway. The London "Zoo" has welcomed it; for it already had a female and this is a male. The couple are now in proximity, in separate cages until the breeding season arrives.



## THE NAZI RALLY AT NUREMBERG: REFORMED GERMANY AT FEVER HEAT.



HERR HITLER (STANDING ON THE RIGHT) ABOUT TO ADDRESS A GATHERING OF 8000 YOUNG NAZIS: THE CHANCELLOR WAITING WHILE A BUGLER ANNOUNCES HIS ARRIVAL.



THE SCENE DURING HERR HITLER'S SPEECH IN THE LUITPOLDHALLE: THE CHANCELLOR (SEEN AT THE TRIBUNE IN THE CENTRE) GIVING A HISTORY OF THE NAZI MOVEMENT AND EXPLAINING HIS GOVERNMENT'S PROGRAMME.



THE TYROLESE NAZI LEADER WHO WAS RECENTLY RESCUED FROM PRISON IN AUSTRIA BY COMRADES DISGUISED IN HEIMWEHR UNIFORM: HERR FRANZ HOFER (SEATED; WITH BANDAGED FOOT) PRESENT AT THE NUREMBERG CELEBRATIONS.

The fifth national rally of the Nazi Party in Germany was held at Nuremberg from August 30 to September 3. It was the first since the Nazi revolution, and was organised on a vast scale eclipsing any of its predecessors. The total number of Nazis present, from all parts of the Reich, was estimated to be some 500,000, including 150,000 storm troops. On his arrival, Herr Hitler announced that future bi-annual rallies would always be held in "the super-German town of Nuremberg." On September 2 he addressed 160,000 of the party functionaries assembled on the Zeppelinwiese, a great meadow on the outskirts, and later he



THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" IN FLIGHT OVER NUREMBERG: THE FAMOUS AIRSHIP WHOSE PRESENCE CAUSED GREAT ENTHUSIASM AT A RALLY OF YOUNG NAZIS (HERE SEEN MARCHING TO THE STADIUM).



NAZIS SALUTING THEIR LEADER AMID A GREAT DISPLAY OF FLAGS BEARING THE SWASTIKA: HERR HITLER (STANDING AT THE TOP OF A HIGH PLATFORM) ABOUT TO ADDRESS A VAST ASSEMBLAGE.

spoke at a gathering of 60,000 young Nazis in the Nuremberg Stadium. Their enthusiasm rose high when the "Graf Zeppelin," just arrived from Friedrichshafen, flew low over the Stadium. On the concluding day there was a great march-past of the Brown Army through the streets, lasting five hours. Herr Hitler took the salute in the old market square, now renamed "Adolf Hitler Platz." Near him, in a place of honour, sat Herr Franz Hofer, the Tyrolese Nazi leader who recently made a dramatic escape from prison at Innsbruck. Further photographs of the Nuremberg celebrations appear on the next two pages.





THE SPECTACULAR MARCH-PAST OF THE BROWN ARMY, IN ITS FULL STRENGTH, THROUGH THE STREETS OF NUREMBERG ON THE CONCLUDING DAY OF THE GREAT NAZI RALLY: A SOLID PHALANK OF STORM-TROOPERS IN COLUMN OF TWELVE.

**THE NAZI "BIG PARADE" AT NUREMBERG: SCENES OF THE FIFTH NATIONAL RALLY OF THE PARTY, AND**

On a previous page we illustrate various incidents of the great Nazi Rally recently held in Nuremberg. The above photographs show the vast scale on which the stage was set, and the enormous number of the participants. Early on September 3, after laying wreaths on the war memorial, Herr

Hitler presented new colours to the Brown Army. Each of the 126 new standards was consecrated by contact with the blood-stained old flag carried in Munich during the abortive uprising of 1923, when the Nazis were rebels, and some were shot by soldiers of the democratic Republic. The ceremony



AN ENORMOUS CONCOURSE OF NAZIS ON THE LUITPOLDSHAIN AT NUREMBERG: THE STAGE SET ON A VAST SCALE FOR THE CEREMONIAL DEDICATION OF STANDARDS BY HERR HITLER (THE LEFT-HAND FIGURE OF THE TWO ADVANCING IN THE CENTRE TOWARDS THE WAR MEMORIAL).

**THE FIRST SINCE THE NAZI REVOLUTION IN GERMANY—AN IMMENSE DEMONSTRATION OF ORGANISED POWER.**

of September 3 formed an impressive contrast, marking the tremendous changes that have since come about in Germany. While the new flags were being consecrated, a salute of 126 guns was fired by soldiers of the regular army, and Herr Hitler, as Chancellor, handed them to the Brown

Army standard-bearers. Round the meadows in which this dramatic scene was enacted were placed high poles bearing the swastika sign and others with the flags of foreign nations represented at the Rally. The Union Jack was not among them, nor were the flags of France or the United States.



# A THIRD MIDNAPORE MAGISTRATE MURDERED: BENGAL TERRORIST CRIME.



BRITISH TROOPS IN MIDNAPORE, NOW REGARDED AS A "HOT-BED OF SEDITION": THE 1ST KING'S ROYAL RIFLES MARCHING THROUGH THE TOWN ON A FORMER OCCASION.



THE MURDERED MAGISTRATE AT LAST YEAR'S ARMISTICE DAY OBSERVANCE IN MIDNAPORE: MR. BURGE (SECOND FROM RIGHT IN THE BACKGROUND GROUP) SALUTING THE CENOTAPH.



THE MURDERED OFFICIAL'S COURAGEOUS WIDOW: MRS. BURGE, WHO HAD CONSTANTLY ACTED AS HIS ARMED "BODYGUARD."



THE DISTRICT MAGISTRATE AT MIDNAPORE WHO WAS SHOT DEAD AT A FOOTBALL MATCH: THE LATE MR. B. E. J. BURGE, I.C.S., WITH HIS WIFE.



MRS. BURGE IN COURT DRESS: THE MURDERED MAGISTRATE'S WIDOW, WHO CARRIED A REVOLVER TO PROTECT HIM.

MR. B. E. J. BURGE, District Magistrate at Midnapore, in the Burdwan division of Bengal, was shot dead on the police football ground there on September 2, by two Bengali youths, just as he was about to play in a match for the town club. The assassins, who had mingled with the players of the opposing team, attacked him at close quarters as he walked on to the field. He received a number of shots, and expired within a minute. Both the assassins were seized by other players, and were shot by Mr. Burge's personal guard, whom he had left on the touch-line. One of them was killed on the spot, and the other died later. An official statement said that Mrs. Burge was not present. Subsequently the police made some sixty arrests, and orders were issued recalling troops to headquarters. Mr. Burge, who had served through the war, was buried with military honours

[Continued opposite.]



MR. BURGE'S WIDOW AND THEIR ONLY CHILD: MRS. BURGE WITH HER DAUGHTER, JASMINE (NOW AGED FIVE).

the next day. He is the third District Magistrate at Midnapore to be murdered in little more than two years. His immediate predecessor, Mr. R. Douglas, was killed last year, and Mr. J. Peddie in 1931. Mr. Burge was an I.C.S. official of the best type, and was well known and very popular in Calcutta, where he had captained the Ballygange Cricket Club. At Midnapore he encouraged sport and games, hoping to divert the interests of young natives from extremist politics. He had been married for five years, and had one child. Mrs. Burge is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. Waters, of Camberley, Surrey. She constantly feared attacks on her husband, and acted as his "bodyguard." She interviewed all callers first, and when he received them would stand behind them with a revolver, which she had always ready for emergencies and carried in her handbag when she went out with him.



# THE COMPLETION OF THE GREATEST SCHEME OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.



ERECTING THE LAST PYLON: HAULING UP A SECTION OF THE 26,265TH OF THE BIG STEEL CABLE-TOWERS BUILT BY THE CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD TO CARRY CURRENT ALL OVER GREAT BRITAIN.

We illustrate on this page the completion of the greatest scheme of its kind in the world: the erection of the last of the 26,265 pylons that have been built by the Central Electricity Board over Great Britain as part of their national transmission scheme. The steel tower in question is 70 ft. high, and was set up near Fordingbridge, on the outskirts of the New Forest, on September 5. As the "Times" pointed out the other day, the five-and-a-half-year scheme has cost £27,000,000, and has meant employment, directly or indirectly, for 200,000 workers. Altogether, there are 4000 miles of transmission lines; 2894 miles representing lines operating at 132,000 volts, the remainder operating at 33,000

and 66,000 volts. The majority of the towers are from 70 ft. to 80 ft. in height, and average 6,900 lb. in weight, but taller and heavier ones have had to be used for river crossings. Those linking up the grid south of the Thames with Dagenham are 487 ft. high, and weigh about 290 tons each. We illustrated them in our issue of July 30, 1932. The 273 transforming and switching stations in the grid will have a transforming capacity of 11,000,000 horse-power. The entire system will be working towards the end of 1934, carrying a wholesale supply of electricity to almost every corner of Great Britain. It is estimated that in 1940 the output of electricity will be 25,000,000,000 units.





THE SHORTAGE OF WATER IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF HOLMER GREEN, NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS: VILLAGERS FROM OUTLYING DISTRICTS SETTING OUT WITH BUCKETS—THE MAN AMONG THEM WEARING AN OLD-FASHIONED YOK.

## THE UNOFFICIAL, BUT NONE THE WATERLESS STATE OF RURAL



A SURPRISING RESULT OF THE DROUGHT AT ST. MARGARET'S THE DRIED-UP CONDITION OF THE BED OF THE RIVER, WITH

## THE LESS SERIOUS, DROUGHT: DISTRICTS; AND ARID RESERVOIRS.



CREEK, RICHMOND, ON THE THAMES: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING BARGES AND LAUNCHES STRANDED ON THE MUD FLATS.



AT A STREAM THAT HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO RUN DRY: FILLING A CART AT DUNSORD FOR FALDINGWORTH (SOME TWELVE MILES NORTH-EAST OF LINCOLN), WHERE THE WATER SUPPLY HAD GIVEN OUT.



IN A DISTRICT WHERE CONSIDERABLE SHORTAGE WAS FELT: DRAWING WATER FROM A HILLSIDE SPRING AT WINSTOE, DERBYSHIRE.



BY PERMISSION OF LORD DERRBY, THE LANDOWNER: DAMMING THE CLOUGH STREAM WHICH RUNS THROUGH WILDBORECLOUGH, CHESHIRE, TO SUPPLY MACCLESFIELD.



FOR THE BENEFIT OF CATTLE ON NEARBY FARMS: DRAWING WATER FROM THE WYE AT BAKESWELL, IN DERBYSHIRE, WHERE THE DROUGHT WAS A MENACE TO LIVESTOCK.



THIRSTY HOP-PICKERS QUEUING UP FOR A DRINK: YOUNGSTERS GIVEN WATER BY A FARMER IN THE UCKFIELD DISTRICT OF SUSSEX.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN MACCLESFIELD, CHESHIRE, HAD ONLY ELEVEN DAYS' SUPPLY OF WATER: THE DRIED-UP RESERVOIR OF THE TOWN, WHICH OBTAINED RELIEF FROM A STREAM IN LORD DERRBY'S ESTATE.

Although there has been no official drought in this country, the water shortage has been acutely felt, especially by farmers in country districts. Technically an "absolute drought" is a period of fifteen consecutive days on none of which the rainfall exceeds one-hundredth of an inch. A "partial drought" is a period of twenty-nine days with an average rainfall of less than a hundredth of an inch. At the time of writing neither of these conditions



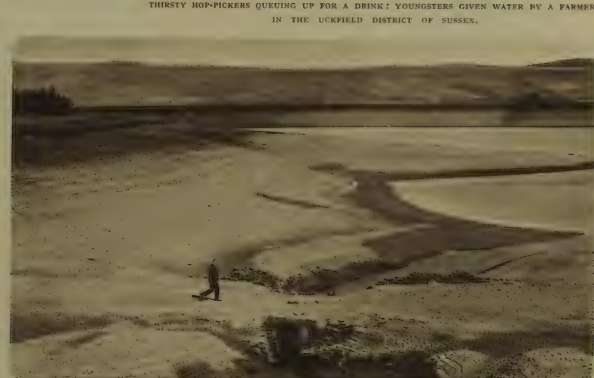
THE CATCLEUGH RESERVOIR, NEAR JEDBURGH, WHICH SUPPLIES NEWCASTLE, AFTER THE WATER HAD FALLEN TWENTY-FOUR FEET: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING AN OLD ROAD

obtained, owing to the rain that fell on September 1 and August 22. These technical points, however, are small solace to farmers in many parts of the country, especially in North Wales, for they have had the utmost difficulty and incurred considerable expense in watering their stock. It was feared that much stock might be lost unless rain fell soon. The town of Macclesfield, Cheshire, suffered severely from scarcity of water, and pumping began



NEWCASTLE, AFTER THE WATER HAD FALLEN TWENTY-FOUR FEET: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING AN OLD ROAD

on September 3 from the Clough stream, by which means over a quarter of a million gallons a day was obtained. The damming of the stream is illustrated above. Another 75,000 gallons a day was drawn from a private well of the Cheshire County Council. These supplies, however, were still inadequate for the town's total requirements, which are more than five times these figures. Many local housewives responded to an appeal for economy



AN EXPANSE OF DRY MUD IN THE RESERVOIR NEAR LANGSETT, WHICH SUPPLIES THE CITY OF BARNESLEY: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ITS ARID STATE, THE WATER LEVEL HAVING FALLEN MORE THAN THIRTY FEET.

by sending their linen to laundries outside Macclesfield. In Northumberland the Catcleugh reservoir, which supplies Newcastle and Gateshead and has a capacity of over two thousand million gallons, fell lower than it has ever been since it was built in 1906. One of our photographs shows a very similar state of affairs at the reservoir that supplies Barnsley, Yorkshire. The weather forecasts on September 5 gave little hope of early rain.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: A PICTORIAL SURVEY.



FOREIGN SUBMARINES VISIT NEW YORK FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR: A UNIT OF THE SEA PATROL FOR THE ITALIAN FORMATION FLIGHT.

Two Italian submarines, one of which, the "Millelire," is seen on the right, moored at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, arrived in New York on August 19, the first foreign undersea craft to enter the port since the war. They were part of the sea patrol for Air-Marshall Balbo's Transatlantic formation flight of twenty-four seaplanes, and were stationed in northern waters while the flight was in progress.



THE WORLD'S RECORD BLACK MARLIN SWORDFISH CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE OFF HAWAII: A 568-LB. FISH; WITH ITS CAPTOR, A YOUNG SCHOOLBOY.

The opening of the tunny-fishing season in the North Sea draws attention to big catches, and, apropos, here is a record. This black marlin swordfish, 12 ft. 3 in. long, was caught in July on regulation heavy tackle off the Kona Coast of the island of Hawaii. No fish of this size and species has, as far as is known, ever before been caught with rod and line.



THE "RAILPLANE": AN EXPERIMENTAL MEANS OF TRANSPORT, CLAIMED TO BE THE CHEAPEST, FASTEST, AND SAFEST YET DEVISED.

In connection with a far-reaching scheme to re-house slum-dwellers in suburban areas (which would necessitate a new system of transport, very cheap and very fast, to and from industrial districts), experiments are being made with the "Railplane." It is a streamlined car suspended from bogies running on a single overhead rail, and propelled thereon by air-screws fore and aft. The track is of a lattice box girder construction supported on steel trestles.



CABINET MINISTERS AS GUESTS OF LORD LONDONDERRY IN IRELAND: LORD HAILSHAM, MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, AND THEIR HOST AT MOUNT STEWART.

Mr. MacDonald, during his stay at Mount Stewart, Co. Down, as the guest of Lord and Lady Londonderry, witnessed the International Tourist Trophy Race at Belfast on September 2, the first time that he had seen a big international motor-race. He returned to London on the following day for a Cabinet meeting. Those not in sympathy with the National Government will derive satisfaction from this picture of members of the Cabinet among the dodos!



## A NEW TUNNY-FISHING RECORD: LADY BROUGHTON'S REMARKABLE FEAT.



A 436-LB. TUNNY LANDED IN FIFTEEN MINUTES: LADY BROUGHTON—WEARING HER HARNESS AND WITH HER TACKLE—WITH THE FISH IN QUESTION AND THE 458-LB. FISH SHE LANDED A LITTLE LATER IN FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES.

On September 4, Lady Broughton, fishing off Scarborough, set up a new tunny-fishing record by landing a 436-lb. tunny in fifteen minutes, and in the strict regulation style, a feat which has earned her the Tunny Club's certificate. She is here seen wearing her harness and with her tackle—she used a 54-thread line—and with the fish in question and another she caught soon afterwards in 55 minutes. It will be recalled—as Mr. R. L. Marston noted in "The Sketch"—that she hooked a fine tunny off Scarborough at 11.35 on the morning of Friday, August 4, a 564-lb. fish that was landed by Lord Moyne at 2 o'clock on the

Saturday, after it had towed the boat about twelve miles. Lady Broughton played it from morning until midnight, when she had to give way to her host owing to exhaustion. As she had had to get assistance to land this particular fish, it did not count for a certificate. Up to the present, only ten certificates have been given this season. Our readers will recollect the remarkable activities of Lady Broughton in another field, remembering her amazing photographs of the mountain gorilla in its native haunts in the forests of the Eastern Congo, published, with articles by her, in our issues of November 5 and 12, 1932.



# OLD BOYS' TALES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE CONWAY": By JOHN MASEFIELD.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN)

WHEREVER Old Conways are messed together, there will be the tales that are in the Poet Laureate's compilation. They will serve, as they must have served many times before, so to stimulate the phagocytes of memory that they will provide effective guard against infection by the absorbing microbe forgetfulness. I recall that when I was in the sailor-suit stage I was compelled to recite "I remember, I remember, the place where I was born." The truth was not in me. Had the poetic infliction begun "I remember, I remember, the place

Liverpool Mercury, welcoming the *Conway*, printed, with gratification: "As on the *Akbar*, a 'monkey arm' will be provided, a few feet from deck, so that the young sailors may ascend that first, and gradually acquire confidence, instead of being rope's-ended up the mast in their novitiate, as poor lads too often are by inconsiderate masters. Again, as a precaution against accidents, which must be looked for on such a ship, under each of the three masts there will be provided large rope nets, some twelve feet lengthwise and stretching across the deck, so as to catch a lad whose foot may slip when he is in the rigging, and save him from a violent fall upon the hard deck." Indeed, yesterday as to-day, the staff did their best to ensure not only thorough practical and academic training, but as much individual freedom and recreation as circumstances permitted. The task was not—and never will be—easy. The unchanging boy cannot avoid the satanic, the impish, or dodging "no smoking" and "no tattooing" rules; any more than he can resist taking it out of the new chum, just as, later, that new chum will take it out of the new chum of another term. And there was Authority ready to act if things went beyond reasonable bounds. One who was a cadet in 1919 notes: "A teaser is a piece of line (such as a hammock nettle, or length of spunyarn, or chest lasher) with a back splice, eye splice or blood-knot at one end. The spliced or knotted end is whipped several times with sailmakers' twine till it is stiff, and then soaked in salt

quarter-deck, standing at ease, with his back to the prize board. Usually he, too, was forbidden to go to mess and took his meals where he stood. Sometimes a man on the quarter-deck bore a label, stating his offence. Men caught fighting had to stand there holding each other's hands; men who spat stood there with buckets tied to their necks; men who fell overboard stood there wearing lifebelts."

"There are practically no captain's punishments now. Why? Simply because there are big safety outlets for superfluous energy, and little or no time to make home-made safety valves even if one was not too weary after a hard afternoon's exercise to think about them. This sounds idealistic, but there are very few punishments necessary to-day, and idealism therefore becomes fact. *Conway* cadets are no angels, and nobody wants them to be. But intelligent discipline and all the exercise possible will work wonders."

A generation or two ago those who described their school days—especially boarding-school days—as the happiest days of their lives were often, to say the least of it, romancing. Since then sense and sensibility have made the statement feasible. The *Conway* is one of the many witnesses.

An example: In 1902, "all boys joined up after the holidays on the same day, new boys and old stagers together, and all the chests. All arrived in one tug (the old *Shalimar*). Nobody had very much time for new boys nor for their parents, if parents had brought them." These days, "the new boys join the day after the old stagers. Parents are encouraged to bring their boys and special provision is made to entertain them at tea in the captain's quarters. Parents thus have a chance to talk to captain (and, if desired, the chaplain too), and the captain has the opportunity to meet the parent. This is very valuable for all future correspondence and dealings."

It also renders obsolete the reception given to the new chum in, as I read it, the 'nineties. Such jokes as being sent to the cook to be fitted with a spoon, to the master-at-arms for a suitable cutlass, or to the chief officer for the key of the starboard watch were the least pernicious of pranks. They were nothing to the welcome of 1870-72. Of this, it is written: "We had no permanent iron ventilators leading from the upper deck to the hold. We were ventilated by a big canvas windsail, opening between the fore and main masts, and running down into the hold. When an initiation was to take place, some seniors went down into the hold and lashed the lower mouth of the windsail. They then went to the upper deck, took their victims and slid them down the upper mouth of the windsail until the bag at the bottom was reasonably full. They would then proceed to the hold with marine-spikes, with which they pricked the bulges in the bag. When they wearied of this one of them would report to the officer of the watch that they were much afraid that some of the new boys were sky-larking in the windsail. The officer would then go down to the hold, open the bag and blacklist the victims for playing in the windsail."

Of such are the Old Boys' Tales of the *Conway*. Added to them are tributes to *Conway* worthies, from captains and their wives to gunners and matrons, masters-at-arms and masters and instructors; the *Conway-Worcester* race; a glossary of *Conway* slang; and so on. All this—and verses by the Poet Laureate. The most exacting Old *Conway*, the most captious Ordinary Reader, will differ from Mr. Masefield when he suggests that he may have done wrong!

E. H. G.



THE THIRD AND PRESENT "CONWAY": THE FAMOUS TRAINING-SHIP AT QUARTERS WHEN SHE WAS THE "NILE."—FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 1854.

where first I read," it would have been a different matter. Even now, though rarely, I find myself exchanging "in my times." The habit is common. I am not boasting of it: it can be as boring as "During the War . . ." I am not excusing it. I am far from suggesting that there should be indulgence in it when strangers are in the offing. But it has its merits. In fact, I am digressing; not to indicate that "The *Conway*" will attract Old Conways—that is self-evident—but to urge that its salty appeal will not be confined to them. "From her foundation to the present day" covers the years from August 1, 1859—or, if you will begin at the very beginning, the inception of the enterprise, from the first quarter of '58. That is a lengthy chapter in the history of modern seamanship; a chapter recording much amelioration and more advance.

The School Frigate Vessel, of the Mercantile Marine Association of Liverpool—the pioneer training-ship *Conway*—was a sixth-rate 26-gun man-of-war, of 652 tons, launched in 1832; her successor was the *Winchester*, a fourth-rate 60-gun frigate, of 487 tons, built between 1816 and 1822; the third, and existing, *Conway* was the *Nile*, a second-rate 92-gun, sailing, line-of-battle ship laid down in October 1827 and launched at the end of June 1839—tonnage by the old measurement (of 1791), 2662; by the new measurement (of 1834), 4375. The original, normal complement of the first ship was 175 men and boys; that of the second, 450, including 70 marines; that of the third, 850 men and boys, including 150 marines. Each, in turn, was ingeniously adapted for her new duties. Each can be called a happy ship; though possibly those familiar only with things as they are, with methods and amenities in accordance with nineteenth-century notions, will not envy the lot of those who were in the famous "boarding school for intending seamen," which, "denuded of her guns and deserted by fighting seamen," rode at anchor at that "tempting resort," Rock Ferry, "ready for active service in the cause of youthful education and civilising commerce instead of naval warfare, and yet easily reconvertible, in case of improbable emergency, into her original capacity for attack or defence."

Discipline was strict, but, on the whole, it was kindly if a little crude; and the strong hand, with or without a hangman's knot teaser, was very necessary.

Here you are taught Sea Truth, to eat hard bread,  
To suffer with a rigid upper lip,  
And live by Look-Out, Latitude and Lead.

Thus writes Mr. John Masefield—*Conway* cadet, 1891-1894—in "The *Conway's* Word to the New-Comer"; but his "Thirty Years After (1902-1932)"—his then-and-now—pages reveal, as they might have been expected to reveal, how wide apart are the *Conways* of the past and the *Conway* of the present. Between the 'fifties and the 'nineties the lying was hard; suffering with a rigid upper lip is, it would seem, an apt enough description. In this era of Grace, I must quote, rather:

Here you will put off childhood and be free of England's oldest guild.

Yet, as far back as the late 'fifties, when there were Dotheboys standards in too many schools and places where they teach, there was recognition of the fact that the ways of rude forefathers are not invariably suited to more nicely nurtured descendants. In May 1859, the

\* "The *Conway* From Her Foundation to the Present Day." By John Masefield. (William Heinemann; 10s. 6d. net.)



A SHIP IN WHICH THE POET LAUREATE WAS A CADET FROM 1891 UNTIL 1894: THE "CONWAY" (FORMERLY THE "NILE") AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

Reproduced from "The *Conway*," by Courtesy of the Publishers.

water. It is a weapon of punishment wielded by cadet captains for minor offences, on culprits in pyjamas after lights out. The victim, having been punished, has to shake hands with his cadet captain, wish him 'Good night,' and say, 'I like my cadet captain.' I wonder if I should have obeyed a kindred order if it had been given by a schoolmaster I knew whose pleasure it was to strike a boy's knuckles with a bunch of keys!

Other "crimes," other punishments; some of them corporal, others designed to wound the pride. As to the latter, I cannot do better than cite Mr. Masefield—I presume the account is his and of his time. He is dealing with major offences, Captain's Report offences, including "mutiny, riotous assembly, barratry [exciting and encouraging quarrels], pickery [petty theft], reset of pickery, etc., etc." In extremely serious cases, there might be expulsion or a flogging; but "the usual report offence was punished by the three things, jumper, black list, and quarter-deck. To be jumpered meant that the victim wore his jumper on all occasions for the allotted term of weeks, and lived the life of a conspicuous pariah, having his meals apart from his fellows, and being at the beck and call of anyone who wanted a job done of painting, scraping, or cleaning. A man on the black list wore his uniform, but did not go to mess; he, too, was put to dirty jobs. All leave ceased to either kind of sinner. Both jumpered and black-listed men sometimes had to sling apart, on the lower or main deck, and to turn out at 5.30 instead of an hour later. A man with a term of quarter-deck passed all his spare time on the



A CEREMONY IN THE "CONWAY" IN 1866: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING PRIZES TO THE CADETS.—FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

The ceremony, we noted at the time, took place at Liverpool, on June 21, the day on which a new entrance to the Birkenhead Docks was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh. Our report stated: "The upper deck of the 'Conway' was entirely covered by an awning formed of pink and white drapery, and decorated with tableaux of flags and arms. A raised platform at the stern, with seats upon it, was backed by a large mirror and a transparency containing the Queen's portrait. . . . The boys of the school were drawn up in front of the platform, and attracted general admiration by their bright, healthy faces and manly bearing. They were attired in blue jackets and white duck trousers."



# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A MARINE EXTENSION OF THE STOP—GO SYSTEM: HARBOUR TRAFFIC LIGHTS TO CONTROL HERRING-BOATS ON THE YARE.

A surprising innovation has made its appearance at Gorleston-on-Sea—traffic lights, installed on the harbour-master's office, with which the river traffic on the Yare, between Gorleston and Yarmouth, is to be controlled. The number of herring-boats (about two thousand) and bigger cargo-boats using the river renders such a precaution advisable.



THE FAMOUS WELSH TONGUE-TWISTER SPELT IN FULL IN HONOUR OF PRINCE GEORGE: THE TWENTY-FIVE-FOOT PLACARD AT LLANFAIR.

Although it has become customary to use an abbreviated form of the Anglesey village, Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch, usually Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, or even Llanfair, the full name was used at the L.M.S. station recently and blazoned on a placard twenty-five feet long, in honour of Prince George's visit to the residence of Lord Anglesey.



PREPARING TO ADVERTISE THE NEW FRENCH NATIONAL LOTTERY: A COMMITTEE CHOOSING POSTERS FROM AMONG THE MANY DESIGNS SUBMITTED.

It has become certain that the French public will respond enthusiastically to the new national lottery, which is designed to aid the Exchequer without the imposition of further taxation. In consequence, the organising committee have decided to issue a second series of two million tickets simultaneously with the first. Each ticket will cost a hundred francs (twenty-five shillings); and it is hoped to issue five series of two million tickets each, which would make a total of £12,500,000



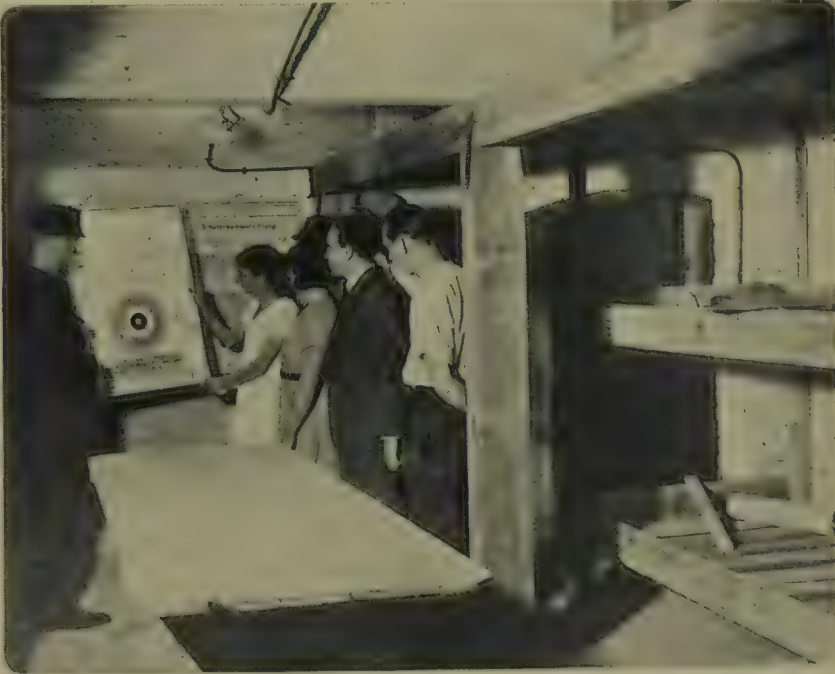
THE OFFICES OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL LOTTERY OFFICIALLY INDICATED: A WORKMAN FIXING THE PLATE OUTSIDE.

at the present rate of exchange. The whole operation must be completed before the end of the year, since the lottery was only authorised for 1933. It remains to be seen whether enthusiasm will still run high for the later series of tickets following so soon on the first issues. The tickets are being printed by the Bank of France. None will be on sale before September 19.



THE WORK OF THE GERMAN AIR DEFENCE LEAGUE IN MAKING THE PEOPLE RAID-MINDED: OUTSIDE THE FIRST PUBLIC SHELTER (A GAS-PROOF CELLAR) IN BERLIN.

A remarkably intensive campaign is being conducted by the German Air Defence League, and every endeavour is being made to teach people what to do in the event of an air raid. It is the avowed object of the authorities to have every public and private building in Berlin equipped with adequate gas-proof cellars; and to this end the capital has been divided and minutely sub-divided into air defence districts and sub-districts, with air defence superintendents, block air wardens for



THE FIRST PUBLIC AIR-RAID SHELTER OPENED IN BERLIN: A GAS-PROOF CELLAR REINFORCED WITH WOODEN BEAMS—USED AS AN OBJECT LESSON.

blocks of apartment houses, and even house air wardens for particular houses. Measures are to be introduced under which all new buildings will have to conform to regulations issued by the Air Ministry. The current week, ending September 9, has been an Air Defence Week, the proceeds from the various entertainments and spectacles going to support the organisation. These photographs show the first of the many public gas-proof cellars that are to be opened in Berlin.



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## MR. GEORGE ARLISS IN "THE WORKING MAN."

THERE is no more accomplished actor on the screen than Mr. George Arliss, to whom Hollywood has affixed the formidable label, "The First Gentleman of the Screen." To watch him smoothly dovetailing the various bits and pieces of a typical Arliss part is to see the perfection of technique. How beautifully he times his gestures, getting meaning out of the least of them! How nicely he gauges the effect of sudden—and always righteous—



TWO FILM FAVOURITES WHO ARE MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE TOGETHER SINCE THEIR SUCCESS IN "MIN AND BILL": WALLACE BEERY AND MARIE DRESSLER IN "TUGBOAT ANNIE."

It was arranged that "Tugboat Annie," a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film directed by Mervyn LeRoy, should start its run at the Empire on September 8. Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, in the opinion of millions of filmgoers, were "born to co-star"!

wrath, the inevitable surrender to sentiment, or the comedy line to which, however modest, he can lend a shrewd humour by the way he launches it! He has his formula—it has been forced upon him by the pernicious cult of the label which sways—and always has swayed—the mass of film- and playgoers. Mr. Arliss is not to be blamed for repeating his formula *ad libitum*. I am fully aware that he is a far greater actor than his public allows him to be, that he has it in him to be a great deal more than the First Gentleman—or any gentleman at all, for that matter—of the screen. I confess I went to "The Working Man," announced for an indefinite run at the Regal, hoping to find a new Arliss, an Arliss toiling in the sweat of his brow, confronted by the grim problems of poverty, and even—ridiculous notion!—hard put to it to hold his own in the battle of life.

Fortunately for the general public, however, and for the box-office, Hollywood does not play that sort of joke. In "The Working Man" Mr. Arliss has it all his own way, as usual. True, he does slip away from his very prosperous business to don an old coat and get a spot of fishing on the Maine. But that is only to teach a lesson to a young cub who thinks he can run the shoe-factory just as well without the "old boy." Mr. Arliss will presently turn the tables on the conceited lad—*ex va sans dire*. Meanwhile he chances on two youngsters making a mess of their lives and squandering the fortune left by their late father, the rival of Mr. Arliss both in business and in love. For the sake of a dear dead woman, the wealthy shoe-manufacturer, under an assumed name and disguised in disarming humility, puts the house of his erstwhile rival in order. Whereupon, having unmasked a rogue, brought a couple of young wasters to their senses, fostered a romance, and saved a factory, he retires to his fishing with the benevolent air of having straightened out one more little muddle in his particular corner of fairyland.

For, with all its talk of business, its meetings of salesmen, its glimpses of factories idle and factories in full swing, this "Working Man" is but another loophole into fairyland, as remote from actualities as the Ruritanian fantasies now so much in vogue. Yet it offers pleasant entertainment, and it is not dull. For this Mr. George Arliss, tackling with astounding freshness the umpteenth version of an "Arliss part," deserves full credit. If he is not to be allowed to escape from the smooth canvas in its prettily gilded frame to which popular demand has nailed him, it is at least a pleasure and an object-lesson to observe the sureness of touch, the unfailing sense of screen-values, with which an expert lays on his colours.

## "I WAS A SPY."

The Gaumont-British Picture Corporation has enriched our screen with its latest offering, "I Was a Spy," now showing at the Tivoli. In the story written by Marthe McKenna of her own war-time activities, when, as Marthe Cnockaert—or, as the programme has it, Martha Cnockhaert—she was absorbed into the ranks of the Allied Secret Service—there lay, ready for the grasping, a fund of drama and a wealth of genuinely kinematic material, all the more valuable since the tale of her heroism and her sufferings is based on fact. In dramatising her experiences for the screen, it might have been easy to have lost this element of truth, this sterling quality of sincerity, in over-statement or in an exaltation of the central figure. Yet, though the picture is planned on a grand scale, and is conceived with imaginative power, its cumulative effect is that of stark reality. Here is a slice of war-history, tragic, tense, at times overwhelmingly terrible, but illuminated by the fortitude of a simple girl and strengthened by its fidelity to life. Whatever additions may have been made to this actual drama of espionage, no flagrant fictional intrusion disturbs the steady march of events in the small Belgian town of Roulers, where Marthe, the daughter of an inn-keeper, was commandeered for service in a military hospital during the German occupation of Belgian territory. She was thus in a position to obtain and carry information for the Allies. A brief exhortation, a code message thrust upon her in the night, and her feet were set on the dangerous,

secret pathways of a spy. She found an ally and master-mind in Stephan, a conscripted hospital orderly. Under his command she faced risks with an unquestioning devotion that stifled her own mental torment and steeled her to make a proud confession of her "guilt" before the court-martial that finally sentenced her to death, a fate from which the chivalry of her confederate saved her.

The story, with its wealth of detail and its suggestion of the ramifications of espionage, is drawn like a quivering thread across the crowded background of a town in the grip of the enemy. The director, Mr. Victor Saville, gives it a dramatic urgency by his swift, ungarnished statement. He makes no unnecessary additions to it. A hand at a window indicates the presence of an *agent supérieur*; a shot in a dark alley and a woman's scream discloses the death of this "go-between." A whisper here, a word there, is sufficient to reveal the network of the Secret Service. But, by masterly cutting, Mr. Saville establishes the atmosphere of the occupied city, the military display of the invaders, the pent-up emotions of the harried, nerve-racked citizens,



"I WAS A SPY," WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AND MADELEINE CARROLL IN A NEW GAUMONT-BRITISH FILM.

"I Was a Spy," produced at the Shepherd's Bush studios under the direction of Victor Saville, started at the Tivoli on September 4.

the tireless efforts of the Burgomaster to keep the situation in hand. The hospital scenes avoid any semblance of romantic veneer, but are handled with discretion. The dreadful holocaust of a massed Church Parade bombed by the British Air Force as a direct result of Marthe's information is as ruthless in its realism as it is impressive in its realisation.

There are minor faults in this big and important production: a trifle too much of the marching and counter-marching in the market square; an ultimate "message of peace" that, in contrast to the veracity of what has gone before, smacks somewhat of *cliché*. But such small flaws do not materially affect the balance of the whole. The interpretation deserves the highest praise. All the members of a brilliant company seem to live rather than to act their parts. I have never seen Miss Madeleine Carroll to better advantage, nor felt in her work such genuine response to the emotions of the character she portrays. She goes about her business with an unassuming courage, a seeming unawareness of any heroic aspects inherent in her rôle, and gains thereby a very real and moving dignity. Mr. Herbert Marshall's Stephan is a strong characterisation, a study of a mind so set on its sole purpose as to exclude all minor considerations, gradually yielding to affection and able to dictate at last the supreme sacrifice. In contrast to these two, the German Commandant of Mr. Conrad Veidt has the keen-edged quality of finely tempered steel. In his clashes with the gallant little Burgomaster, admirably played by Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Veidt is a rapier matched against honest fists. Sir Gerald du Maurier strikes a note of quiet efficiency and tolerance as the doctor, and Mr. Donald Calthrop, Miss May Agate, and Miss Martita Hunt fall smoothly into place in an ensemble which succeeds in creating a complete illusion of Roulers under the heel of the German Army.



GEORGE ARLISS IN "THE WORKING MAN": ONE OF THE FINEST OF CHARACTER ACTORS IN THE NEW WARNER FILM AT THE REGAL.

"The Working Man," a film directed by the late John Adolph, began its run at the Regal on September 1. The film is reviewed on this page.



# LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"THE ART SCHOOL."



"A MAYORAL CIRCLE."

We here continue our second series of drawings of English life by Edmund Blampied, having already, as our readers will recall, reproduced numerous examples from the new set. Both these drawings are delightful for the unerring observation

that the artist shows, and for the humour with which it is presented in the rapt expressions of the art pupils and in the satirical fun which every line of the lower sketch pokes at a certain place of civic dignity.



# THE CHARM OF ORIENTAL SCULPTURE, OFTEN EXAMPLES FROM THE GREAT VON DER

# AKIN TO WESTERN MEDIAEVAL ART: HEYDT COLLECTION IN BERLIN.



FIG. 1. A PROFILE VIEW OF A CURIOUS FIGURE, IN DARK TERRA-COTTA, SURMOUNTING A POST FROM A CHINESE TOMB OF THE HAN DYNASTY (206 B.C.—220 A.D.): DETAIL OF FIG. 2, ADJOINING.

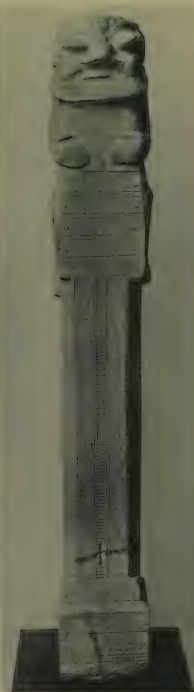


FIG. 2. THE HAN TOMB-POST OF WHICH DETAIL IS SEEN IN FIG. 1: SHOWING THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE CRUDE FIGURE AT THE TOP AND THE ARTISTIC DESIGN ON THE POST ITSELF.



FIG. 3. "SEVERE AS A BYZANTINE IVORY" AND SUGGESTING A TWELFTH-CENTURY FRENCH FIGURE OF A SAINTLY ECCLESIASTIC: A CHINESE IVORY STELE IN BLACKISH LIMESTONE. (FIRST QUARTER, SIXTH CENTURY.)

THE photographs on these two pages illustrate the article by Mr. Frank Davis (page 408) on Baron Edouard Von der Heydt's great collection of Oriental sculpture in Berlin, of which an excellent catalogue, with foreword and notes by Dr. William Cohn, is published by Cassirer's. Each example here reproduced is described by Mr. Davis in detail, besides two specimens of Chinese sculpture illustrated on the same page. In discussing several of these works of Eastern art, he

[Continued above on right.]



FIG. 7. A FIGURE OF A UNICORN IN GILT BRONZE: "AN ENGAGING AND DELIGHTFUL CONCEPTION, SO GENTLE, SO SOFT, SO YIELDING, IN SPITE OF THE MATERIAL OF WHICH IT IS MADE"; A GEM OF CHINESE ANIMAL SCULPTURE. (LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

See Article on Page 408. Illustrations Numbered



[Continued.] then with Western masterpieces, or with mediaeval religious art in Europe. Thus of Fig. 3 he remarks that very little alteration would convert the figure into a saintly ecclesiastic of twelfth-century France. Again, he likens the Chinese temple guardian in Fig. 5 to the work of Michelangelo; and of the Indian head shown in Fig. 6 he says that Leonardo da Vinci himself, in "Mona Lisa," could not reproduce "so enigmatic and sensuous and romantic and altogether interesting a smile."

FIG. 4. A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF THE BODHISATTVA LOKESHVARA: BUDDHIST SCULPTURE AT ITS BEST—A RELIC OF THE LOST CIVILISATION OF THE KHMERS IN SIAM. (TWELFTH TO THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)



FIG. 8. A PAINTED WOODEN IMAGE OF THE LITTLE JAPANESE SAINT, SHOTOKU TAISHI: A FIGURE THAT WOULD NOT SEEM OUT OF PLACE BY THE ALTAR AT CHARTRES, WITH A SMILING MADONNA LOOKING DOWN ON IT. (ABOUT 1300 A.D.)

FIG. 5. "THE WORK OF SOME CHINESE MICHELANGELO OF THE TENTH CENTURY OR THEREABOUTS": A MAGNIFICENT CAST-IRON FIGURE OF IMMENSE POWER REPRESENTING A TEMPLE GUARDIAN.



FIG. 6. A PRE-KHMER FIGURE OF UMA IN GREY SANDSTONE (SIXTH—SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.): A WORK SHOWING INDIAN INFLUENCE, OF THE GUPTA PERIOD, AND RECALLING EGYPTIAN ART 1000 YEARS EARLIER.



FIG. 6. AN ENIGMATIC SMILE NOT SURPASSED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "MONA LISA": AN INDIAN SANDSTONE RELIEF—THE BUDDHIST EQUIVALENT OF A GREEK DRAY.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A GREAT BERLIN COLLECTION: THE VON DER HEYDT ORIENTAL SCULPTURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

(SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 406 AND 407.)

THERE is a characteristic quotation from Macaulay at the beginning of my copy of Jowett's translation of Thucydides, in which that supremely vivid, if biased, historian expresses his interest in and admiration for his Greek predecessor, and then, in a note dated a year later, writes: "I am still of the same mind." It must now be quite five years, if not more, since I first saw at Mr. Loo's place in Paris the magnificent stone ram (Fig. 11) which occupies the centre of this page, and I remember going away wondering whether I should ever again cast my eyes upon a finer piece of animal sculpture. So far I have not, for neither horse nor hound, lion nor doe, Egyptian cat nor Chinese dragon, known to me by sight or reputation, seems to possess quite the sculptural qualities and high intelligence with which this noble beast is endowed. About it I also "am still of the same mind" (how pleasant it is to pat oneself on the back at the soundness of one's early opinions!), and should rather like to dash off to Berlin to renew our acquaintance. What a curve from muzzle to the crook of the horn!—is this partly the secret of the strange fascination it exercises? It is not easy to analyse the reasons for any sort of æsthetic pleasure—indeed, the effort may end by destroying that pleasure—but here is surely a problem worth tackling. I leave it with regret for other masterpieces.

Before speaking of the more sophisticated pieces which are illustrated elsewhere, I should explain that this article arises from a note which appeared on Nov. 12 last, in which I drew attention to a strange figure very like my Fig. 1 to-day (see page 406). This brought a letter from Baron Edouard von der Heydt, of Berlin, the owner of all these examples, and of many others not illustrated. I find that a few other posts surmounted by this curious type of figure (I ventured to remark upon its superficial resemblance to the Easter Island sculptures) are known, and that one at least was to be seen in a London exhibition four years ago. All are posts from a Han tomb, and are remarkable also for the great distinction of the stamped pattern on the post itself (Fig. 2)—work which is obviously from the hands of trained artists—and for the crude vigour of this spider-legged figure at the top. The explanation would appear to be that the figure was the work of the mason on the spot, who was by no means an artist, while the graceful patterns of the lower part were stamped on by means of moulds from another's design. It is a rare and unusual piece, but of greater archaeological than æsthetic interest—and the von der Heydt collection has obviously been gathered together with a view to æsthetic quality, and not merely as a commentary on the history of art in the East.

The gulf is wide indeed between this tomb-watcher and the magnificent Temple guardian of Fig. 5. This—a cast-iron figure—is the work of some Chinese Michelangelo of the tenth century or thereabouts, and it is difficult to overpraise the immense force and power of the conception. Turn now from this violent and contorted muscularity to the quiet features of Fig. 8, the painted wood image of the little Japanese saint Shotoku Taishi, who as an infant of fourteen months cried out "Hail, Buddha!" (We could very well compare him with the

infant Samuel.) The features are not perhaps quite childish enough for our liking, but what genuine religious feeling is here, what severely simple means the sculptor has taken to express it, how babyish are torso and arms, how austere the folds of the robe! If this could have found its way to Europe at the time it was made (c. 1300), can you not see it by the altar at Chartres, with a smiling Madonna looking down upon it? It would surely have been looked upon as miraculous—as, indeed, in a very special sense, I think it is.

There are some (I am not among them) who contend that the finest of the world's sculptures are to be found in India; and it must be confessed that such an example as Fig. 6 gives reason for the boast, for not Leonardo da Vinci himself when he painted Monna Lisa could reproduce so enigmatic and sensuous and romantic and altogether interesting a smile. Most of us Europeans are faintly revolted by a great deal of Indian sculpture: we find the features too brutal, the legends of Hinduism too complicated, the many-armed goddess too fantastic—in most cases we have to make a distinct effort to overcome our Western prejudices before we are able to appreciate what is fine in that enormous range of carvings. It is in such a head as this that we can arrive at an understanding of the extreme subtlety of expression and grace of form which is characteristic of the whole school when it is freed from the over-elaboration and violence

imposed upon it by the mere exuberances of its fantasy. The majority of us feel nearer home further East. This is not quite the paradox it seems. Look at the beautiful head in Fig. 4,



FIG. 10. A MASTERPIECE OF CHINESE ANIMAL SCULPTURE IN FANTASTIC STYLE: A LIMESTONE HEAD OF A FABULOUS MONSTER, HALF-LION, HALF-DRAGON. (FOURTH CENTURY A.D.)

a relic of that lost civilisation of the Khmers, which once was all-powerful in what is now Siam. This is Buddhist sculpture at its most distinguished best, very quiet, very restrained, very simple, and immensely impressive. I would particularly draw attention to the beautifully sensitive mouth—cruel, perhaps, and sensuous—but not more cruel and not more sensuous than that of the wholly different Hermes of Praxiteles.

Less subtle, more straightforward, but very powerful is the figure in Fig. 9—much earlier, and showing very clearly the influence of Indian tradition (particularly that of the Gupta period) upon pre-Khmer art—and, I suggest, oddly similar to much Egyptian work of a thousand and more years before. On again to China—the votive stele of Fig. 3—sixth century—as severe as a Byzantine ivory. The figure is faintly smiling, amiable, charming: given the slightest alteration in robe and attitude, and you have a saintly ecclesiastic of the twelfth century in France, so near are the fundamental conceptions of holiness over all the world.

As is generally inevitable in any discussion of Chinese sculpture, one returns to animals—the magnificent, if fabulous, creature of Fig. 10, half-lion, half-dragon, portrayed in limestone with easy mastery (fourth century A.D.), and the gilt bronze unicorn of Fig. 7 (quite late seventeenth century), an engaging and delightful conception, so gentle, so soft, so yielding, in spite of the material of which it is made. It remains to add that this whole superb collection is published by Cassirer's in an excellent catalogue with foreword and notes by Dr. William Cohn—the whole an enduring monument to the taste of the owner and the scholarship of the author.



FIG. 11. A MASTERPIECE OF CHINESE ANIMAL SCULPTURE IN NATURALISTIC STYLE: A MAGNIFICENT STONE RAM. (SEVENTH—NINTH CENTURY A.D.)

The rest of the illustrations to this article appear on pages 406 and 407. The whole set is numbered in order from Fig. 1 on page 406, the numbers corresponding with the author's references.



★ *From a Lady  
Smoker of Sidmouth  
South Devon*

"Allow me to add my testimonial to others I read . . . . I have preferred Craven 'A' Cigarettes for several years, but it was during an illness of a winter in bed with a weak chest, that I proved they were the only Cigarettes which did not make me cough, or irritate. Now after two years, and so far recovered as to be able to do all my own housework again, I am still of the same opinion, and can now smoke my usual quantity again without cough or chest irritation. My husband too always smokes Craven 'A' and prefers them to any other."

(The original letter to Carreras Ltd., can be verified at Arcadia Works).



★ *"The only Cigarettes which  
do not make me cough or  
irritate my chest."*

**CRAVEN "A"**

CORK-TIPPED

100% VIRGINIA

SEALED-FRESH

**20  
for 1/-**

FOIL-PACKED

in Moisture-proof 'Cellophane'

in the BETTER way

*Made specially to prevent sore throats*



## NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK:

## SPAIN FOR THE TOURIST.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THERE are many reasons why one should visit Spain. In the first place, the exchange is all in favour of the British tourist, a great thing in foreign travel nowadays; then it is one of the richest countries in the world in scenery, historical interest, and in architectural splendour; and it has a particularly pleasant climate in the autumn, in almost every

romantic manner of life, especially in Andalusia, and the brightness and picturesqueness of their surroundings. Their characteristic hospitality makes you feel that you are a welcome guest, and, if you are willing to make concessions, so to speak, and to let yourself go, you find that it is quite easy to enter into the spirit of their ways, and to enjoy the light and care-free method of living in sunny Spain, where every man, let his occupation be what it may, regards himself as the equal of any other.

Hotel accommodation has improved enormously in Spain during recent years, and in all the larger centres it will compare favourably with that of other European countries. Further, lovers of golf and tennis will find ample provision for their recreation in Madrid, Barcelona, Malaga, Santander, San Sebastian, Seville, and Guipuzcoa; whilst for sea-bathing and yachting, Vigo, Corunna, Santander, Bilbao, San Sebastian, Malaga, and Barcelona possess excellent facilities. All over the country, but particularly in the Basque region, in the north-east, the tourist has the opportunity of seeing games of that peculiarly Spanish sport—pelota.

And as to what you should see of the glories of architectural art in

Spain? The choice you have here is bewildering: one can mention a few only of those which are outstanding—the peerless Alhambra, at Granada; the Mosque of Cordoba, the Gothic Cathedral of Léon, the Basilica of Covadonga, in Asturias; the matchless Tower of the Giralda, in Seville; the Roman theatre of Merida; the marvellous collection of buildings known as the Escorial, not far from Madrid; the Royal Castle of Olite, in Navarre; the Temple of Pilar, in Zaragoza; the University of Salamanca; Santiago de Compostella; the façade of



CALLED BY BYRON "THE PRETTIEST OF ALL THE TOWNS OF SPAIN": CADIZ—FOUNDED IN 1100 B.C.

Built on the rocky extremity of a narrow sand-spit and almost surrounded by the sea, Cadiz, with its white-towered houses, forms a striking contrast to the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Photographs by Courtesy of the White Star Line.

part of the country. You will find there a very wide range of health resorts—on the seashore, by wide rivers, on high table-lands, and among the mountains; many of them with direct communication by rail with Paris and a good service of express trains, with restaurant and sleeping-cars, while good motor roads enable the motorist to visit them all. In summer-time and the autumn, it is a very enjoyable trip to make the journey by sea; and you have the choice of a number of lines in doing so.

Not a little of the charm of a visit to Spain is to be found in its people; their



ONE OF SPAIN'S MOST POPULAR SEA-BATHING RESORTS: VIGO. Here is a characteristic view of Vigo, in Northern Spain, showing the beautiful bay surrounded by high hills. The air is bracing.



A CORNER OF THE COURT OF THE LIONS: IN THE ALHAMBRA, THE WORLD-FAMOUS PALACE OF THE MOORISH KINGS OF GRANADA, WHICH ATTRACTS TENS OF THOUSANDS OF VISITORS YEARLY.

The building of the Alhambra went on from 1248 to about 1350. As the centuries passed, considerable damage was done to it by nature and by man; but Queen Isabella began its restoration in 1862. It is, of course, one of the great "sights" of Spain.

S. Gregorio, in Valladolid; and the Gateway of Ripoli, in Gerona. And when you have seen these, or some of them, you will realise why so many lovers of art and beauty journey to Spain.

## when you retire...

Endowment Assurance is a protection for your dependants and provides an income when you retire. The "Scottish Widows" issues attractive policies based on this popular form of financing retirement and family needs. Write for particulars to-day.

### SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

THE HALL MARK OF STERLING QUALITY IN MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE



Write to the Secretary

Head Office:  
9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 2  
London Offices: 28 CORNHILL, E.C.3  
Telephone: Mansion House 9066, and  
17 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.1  
Telephone: Whitehall 6041



### SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Removed by Electrolysis at Home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Unit enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely. It has never failed and is so simple a child could use it; guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, 24/6, or 20/- and 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated brochure free, in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ, Ltd. (Dept. 58), 227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

## YOU NOW PAY LESS FOR THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTES STATE EXPRESS

555 25 for 1/8

333 25 for 1/3 ★

★ 333 are luxury cigarettes at an everyday price. Also available in packing of 20 for 1/-



quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief

First thing every morning put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

V.49. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

### NICE ATLANTIC HOTEL

Newest First-class Hotel  
BD. VICTOR-HUGO.  
Central Situation.  
Close to Sea and Casinos.  
200 ROOMS.  
OWN BAR, MODERATE TERMS  
Annexe: HOTEL DU RHIN.  
Rooms without meals.



### YOUR CISTERN IN THE ROOF

supplied by BAILEY'S "CALIBAN" RAM. Worked by falls of water as low as 3 feet given by running brooks. No running costs or attention.  
SIR W. H. BAILEY & Co., Ltd.  
Salford 5, Lancs.



## WHY SHELL PUMPS PREDOMINATE

*Garage proprietors naturally install only those pumps from which they get the best sales. The predominance of "Shell" pumps indicates that more "Shell" is demanded on the roads than of any two other brands put together.*

## YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

## THE FOREST CRUISE

**1,000 miles  
up the Mighty Amazon**

**Via OPORTO, LISBON & MADEIRA**

By the new Booth Liner "**HILARY**," from Liverpool, October 10th and December 7th and alternate months.

**7 weeks = £75 to £100**

The fare covers the cost of  
the organised excursions at

OPORTO; LISBON, including CINTRA and the ESTORILS; MADEIRA; PARÁ, including CHAPEO VIRADO; and MANÁOS, including RIVER TRIPS on the RIO NEGRO and RIO SOLIMOES.

**SINGLE- & DOUBLE-BEDDED CABINS.  
NO INSIDE ROOMS.**

For full particulars and illustrated booklet, apply to Dept. No. 16,

## THE BOOTH LINE

CUNARD BUILDING, LIVERPOOL, 3, or  
11, ADELPHI TERRACE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

**MANSION POLISH**  
EXCELLENT FOR THE LEATHER & COACHWORK OF MOTORS & REFRIGERATORS

In tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9.  
Large household tin containing 2 lbs. net. 3/-

**GIVE YOUR HOME THE  
'Mansion' Film of Brightness**





MONTE CARLO

(January 17th, 1934)

NAPLES

ATHENS

PALESTINE

EGYPT

INDIA

CEYLON

STRAITS

SETTLEMENTS

SIAM

JAVA

BALI



ZAMBOANGA

PHILIPPINE

ISLANDS

CHINA

JAPAN

HONOLULU

SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES

PANAMA

CUBA

NEW YORK

SOUTHAMPTON

(Arrive May 22)

# WORLD CRUISE

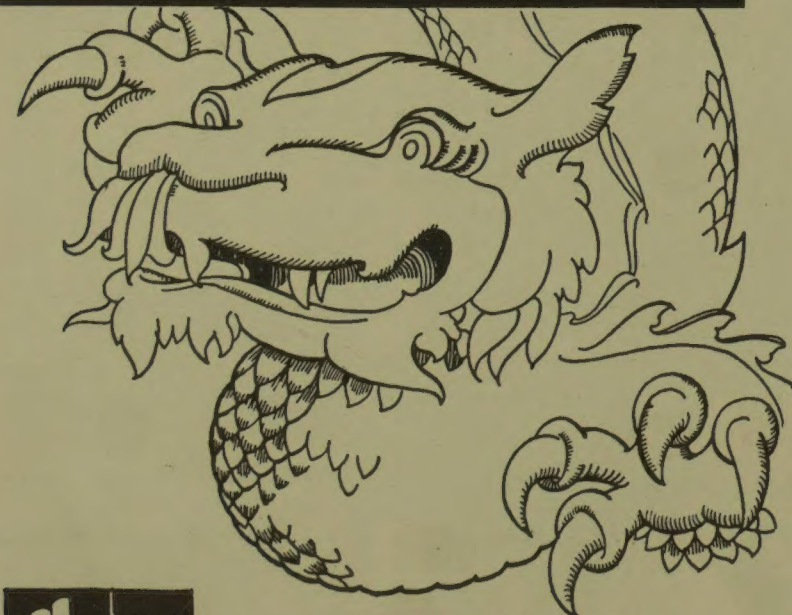
by the biggest ship ever to girdle the globe. All-Star itinerary following Springtime round the World, includes many of the most interesting and lesser-visited ports and places. One Management, ship and shore —

Canadian Pacific throughout.

Minimum Rate: 420 Guineas, including standard shore excursions, — or 325 Guineas without.

## Empress of Britain

(42,500 TONS)



Write for Special World Cruise Brochure:

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

62-63 Charing Cross (Trafalgar Sq.) London, S.W.1 103 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, or local Agents Everywhere.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "THE ACE," AT THE LYRIC.

"THE ACE" misses being great drama, but not by much. It is a study of that higher form of courage that sends a man, not laughing into battle, but shaken with fear. Forty-nine aeroplanes has Rittmeister Kurt von Hagen, Commander of the 7th Fighter Squadron, beaten in combat; and nightly terror grips his soul as in nightmares he sees himself plunging in flames to the earth. Mr. Raymond Massey gives a fine performance, and quite why one is not more deeply moved it is difficult to say. Art has no frontiers, nor should stage-heroes have a nationality; but can it be that subconsciously an English audience is rather more anxious for the unseen British Major to win than for the German? It is an interesting point, and one that adapters might do well to consider. Mr. Robert Speaight, who played the "funky" subaltern in "Journey's End," has another part on the same lines. Brave enough on ground, he is terrified in the air, and during his training course persistently refuses to jump from the aeroplane with his parachute. Eventually he nerves himself to the task, but so paralysed with fright is he that he omits to pull the cord and crashes to his death. There is an effective final scene, when von Hagen, challenged to single combat by the British Major, accepts. Knowing that the dreaded Major is a finer airman than he, he takes his one chance of victory, rams his opponent's machine, and, locked together, the two fall in flames to their doom.

### "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?" AT THE AMBASSADORS.

According to Mr. Lennox Robinson, the Slavonic temperament is too akin to the Celtic to make a good mixture. Hearty Anglo-Saxons can witness a Tchekovian comedy without desiring to go home and murder their wives, but the Irish are more easily influenced. At any rate, within ten days of the arrival of a repertory company doing a round of Tchekov, Ibsen, and Strindberg, the worthy inhabitants of the little village of Inish were plunged into such gloom that it took a suicide pact or an attempted wife-murder to arouse them from it. One love-lorn youth dived off the end of the pier, and had not the tide been out would undoubtedly have been drowned; he escaped with a bump on the head. A couple put their heads in a gas-oven, and death would have been their lot had not the penny-in-the-slot gas-meter run out. The local butcher, in a fine Strindbergian frenzy, hurled his cleaver at his wife. True, he missed her, but then his aim had always been poor. The idea was there. Aunt Lizzie, a contented spinster until then, discovers hitherto unsuspected tragedy in her life; while the local M.P. is so carried away by a performance of "The Enemy of the People" that he develops a conscience and votes "agin the Government." This was too much for Mr. John Twohig, who owned the village theatre and hotel, so he sacked the company and engaged a travelling circus to restore his patrons to normality. An amusing little piece, well acted.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

SEPT. 1 began the new motor season for 1934, with the consequent announcement of many programmes of production by the British automobile industry. Sir William Morris gathered together all his wholesale distributors on Aug. 25, and the retail motor-agents on Aug. 31, at Oxford, to give them full particulars of the many improvements and to inspect the cars. London dealers had a show of their own, particularly well staged by Stewart and Arden, Ltd., at their spacious show-rooms at the Vale, Acton, W.3, on Monday evening, Aug. 28. Sir William Morris presided at the dinner, supported by Mr. Upjohn, managing director of S. and A., who are the distributors of Morris vehicles in the metropolitan area. After an excellent cinema show, depicting the testing of the new cars, the curtain was raised and the new models were on view to the 280 guests present. I was more intrigued by the newly-designed Morris Cowley four-cylinder 11.9 h.p., with its alternative 15-h.p. six-cylinder engine, than with the new Morris "Ten-Six" model, which is really 12-h.p. rating. So long before the opening of the annual Motor Show at Olympia, it is dangerous to prophesy. But, having seen a number of 1934 models of different makers, the new Morris Cowley is indeed a motor-car anybody can be proud to own. Prices are slightly increased, but, in fact, are cheaper, as more extras are included. Four-speed synchro-mesh gear-boxes are fitted to all models, from the "Minor" 8 h.p. upwards. Additionally on the "Oxford," the "Isis," and the 25-h.p. cars, a free-wheel and automatic clutch are incorporated. Leather upholstery is standard equipment to all the models. The coachwork is larger and more comfortable. The new "Ten-Six," rated at 12 h.p., is based on the lines of the "Ten-Four" of 10 h.p. introduced last season. Both are roomy carriages. Triplex safety glass is used in the home models, and the new toughened Triplex on the exported cars, as this is equally safe from splintering and cannot discolour under tropical suns.

Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, Director and General Sales Manager of Morris Motors, Ltd., said at this gathering that the public were getting greater value in easy-to-drive comfortable cars at reasonable prices from Morris Motors, in styles and prices with carrying capacity to suit every class of motorist, and I thoroughly agree with him after having seen all the different models at Acton. Morris "Minor" 8-h.p. saloons are available from £127 10s.; the "Ten-Four" from £169 10s.; the "Ten-Six" from £184; the "Cowley" 11.9 h.p. "Four" from £195; the Cowley "Six" 15-h.p. from £215; the Morris Oxford six-cylinder from £285; the 17.5 h.p. "Isis" saloon at £370; and the 25 h.p. at £395. Therefore, with thirty different cars in the new programme, it should not be difficult for anybody to find one to suit his wants.

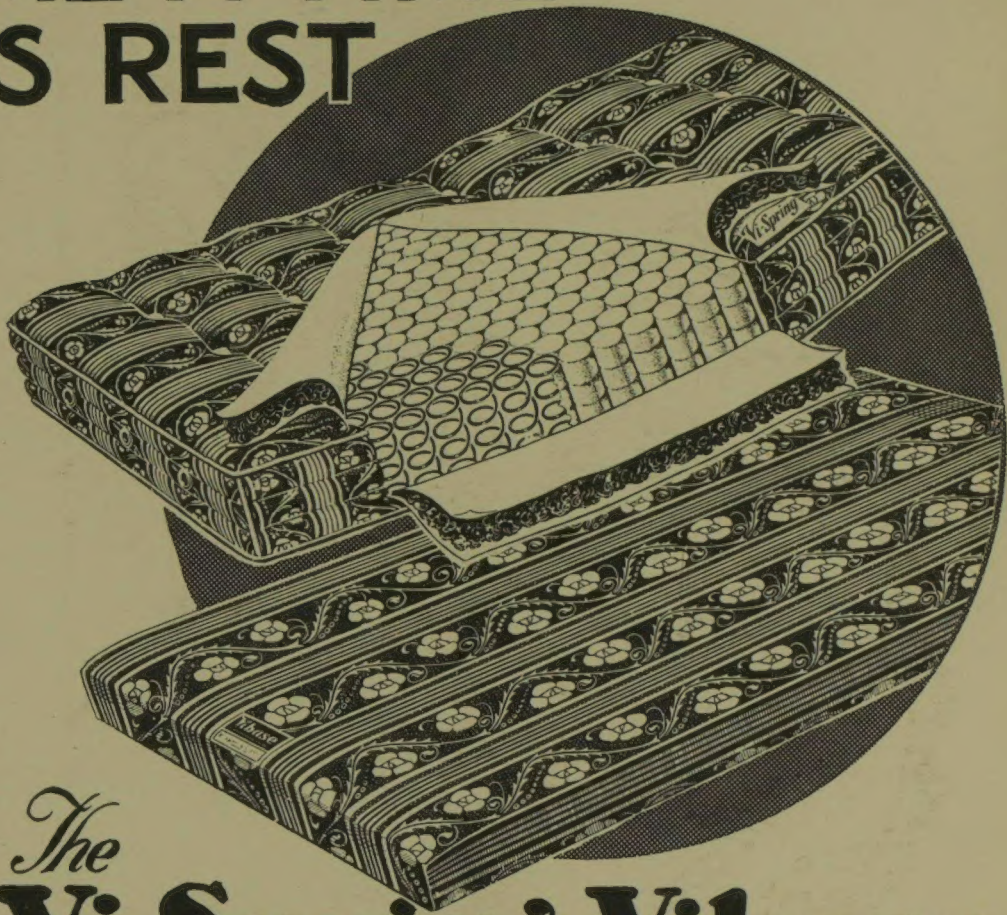
A Gymkhana in aid of the League of Mercy will be held on Wednesday, September 13th, at Membury, Ramsbury, Wilts, which has been kindly lent for the occasion by Mrs. Woolland, the Wiltshire District Lady President. The programme, which has been arranged by Mrs. Woolland, will include Exhibition Lawn Tennis Matches, featuring well-known International players.



# MAKE BED-TIME A TIME OF LUXURIOUS REST

The Vi-Spring-Vibase Combination is the finest bed equipment ever built for perfect rest. The hundreds of small, resilient Springs in the 'Vi-Spring,' adequately supported by the firm, even surface of the Vibase Mattress Support, give a luxurious softness that quickly entices sound, refreshing sleep. The 'Vi-Spring' is hand-made throughout, and the 'Vibase' a support built with a sturdiness to ensure years of service. Ask to see this great combination.

Sold by all reliable House Furnishers.



## The Vi-Spring-Vibase Combination

"The Best for Rest"

Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on request to Sole Manufacturers:

Vi-Spring Products Ltd., 98 Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Rd., Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

### The 'Vito' Mattress



Extreme durability and low cost make the 'Vito' the cheapest overlay mattress made. Its spring centre—consisting of hundreds of small springs—is generously covered by layers of soft upholstery. The unique shape and assemblage of these resilient springs ensure comfort far beyond the ordinary and impart to the 'Vito' a strength which makes it the mattress for real hard service.

## your guarantee

WE confidently assert that the 'Swan' is in all respects as perfect a fountain pen as it is possible to produce.

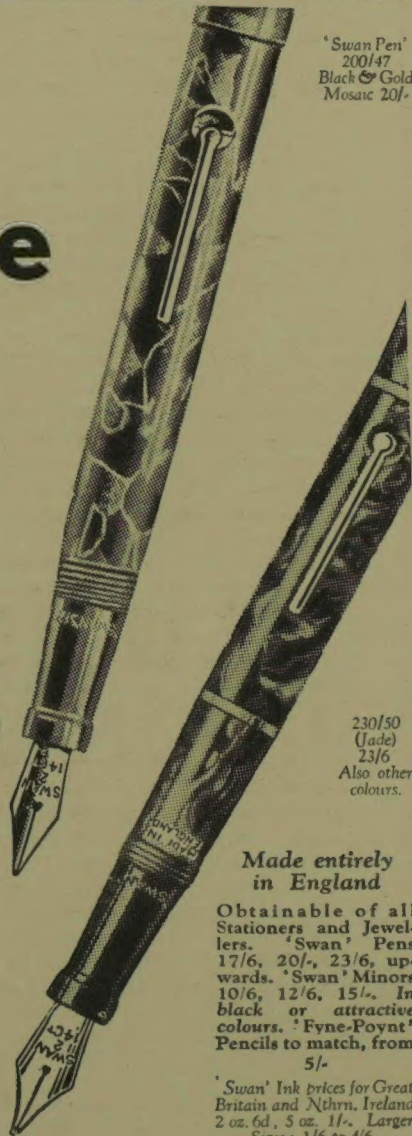
So certain are we of this that we unreservedly guarantee every 'Swan' Pen to give satisfaction, failing which, the full amount paid will be refunded.

Furthermore we undertake to maintain your 'Swan' in perfect working order and adjustment at any time without charge, replacements excepted.

There is no time-limit to the 'Swan' Guarantee

## 'SWAN' PENS and INKS

ALL PENS WRITE BEST WITH 'SWAN' INK



'Swan Pen' 200/47 Black & Gold Mosaic 20/-

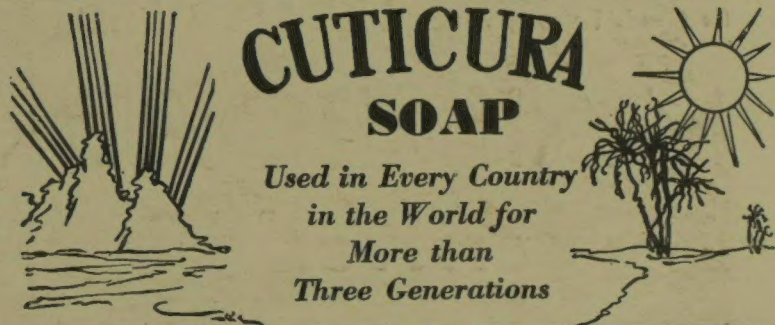
230/50 (Jade) 23/6 Also other colours.

Made entirely in England

Obtainable of all Stationers and Jewellers. 'Swan' Pens 17/6, 20/-, 23/6, upwards. 'Swan' Minors 10/6, 12/6, 15/-. In black or attractive colours. 'Fyne-Poynt' Pencils to match, from 5/-

'Swan' Ink prices for Great Britain and Nthrn. Ireland 2 oz. 6d., 5 oz. 1/-. Larger Sizes: 1/6 to 4/6.

Illustrated catalogue post free from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 and 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches at: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent Street, W.1.; and at 3, Exchange St., Manchester. 'Swan' Pen Works: Harlesden, London. 'Swan' Ink Works: Dingle, Liverpool.



## CUTICURA SOAP

Used in Every Country in the World for More than Three Generations

FROZEN NORTH TO SUNNY SOUTH

## VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water. Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

In order to ward off attacks of RHEUMATISM and its attendant troubles, always drink this famous NATURAL Mineral Water, which is Nature's own antidote for this painful affection.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable everywhere.

CAUTION—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.



### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (1933) to 'THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.'

	U.K.	CANADA.	ABROAD.
12 Months (In- cluding Xmas No.)	£3 4 0	£3 1 8	£3 11 4
6 Months.....	£1 10 0	£1 9 3	£1 13 9
(Including Xmas No.)	£1 14 0	£1 12 6	£1 17 6
3 Months.....	15 0	14 8	17 0
(Including Xmas No.)	18 10	17 10	£1 0 4

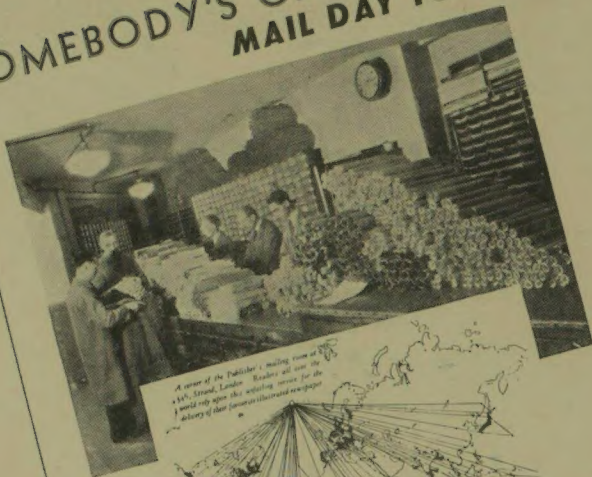
Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 346 Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The National Provincial Bank, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand, Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

### "LEICA" SPECIALISTS

DEVELOPING, PRINTING and ENLARGING  
FINEST WORK  
LEICA CAMERA LIST  
FREE ON REQUEST  
**WALLACE HEATON LTD.**  
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



SOMEBODY'S GLAD that it's  
MAIL DAY TO-DAY



A group of the Publisher's mailing room at 346, Strand, London. Readers all over the world are kept up to date by the delivery of their favorite illustrated newspaper.

Thousands of readers ask us to send "somebody" The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS each week. Where? Everywhere that English speaking people go. What a joy it is to look forward to the mail that brings The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. For the modest sums below our Publisher will despatch for you thirteen, twenty-six or fifty-two weeks in succession—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting.

THINK! Whom do you know who would give anything for a copy of The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS each week? It's so very simple for you to give your friend this perpetual delight. A note to the Publisher (address below) or a request to your regular newsagent, and the deed is done for you. Your friend's address, and yours, of course, that he or she may know to whom the thanks are due.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

	At Home	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
Twelve months, including Xmas No.	£3.4.0	£3.1.8	£3.11.4
Six months, including Double Nos.	£1.14.0	£1.12.6	£1.17.6
Three months, including Xmas No.	15.0	14.8	17.0

WRITE THE PUBLISHER—346 STRAND, LONDON—HE WILL DO THE REST

—Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller.

## THE DAY OF DAYS

for friends far away . . . The Day The

## MAIL-BOAT arrives

LETTERS . . . of course they come first, but then comes the unquenchable longing for something to read of the world at large, and especially of dear old England.

THINK! Whom do you know overseas who would give anything for a copy of The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS each week? For the modest sums below our Publisher will despatch for you thirteen, twenty-six or fifty-two weeks in succession—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. It's so very simple for you to give your friend this perpetual delight. A note to The Publisher (address below) or a request to your regular newsagent, and the deed is done for you. Your friend's address, and yours, of course, that he or she may know to whom the thanks are due.



Courtesy of the Union Castle Line.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Subscription Rates	At Home	Canada	Abroad
Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	£3.4.0	£3.1.8	£3.11.4
Six months, including Double Nos.	£1.14.0	£1.12.6	£1.17.6
Three months, no extras	15.0	14.8	17.0

WRITE THE PUBLISHER—346, STRAND, LONDON—HE WILL DO THE REST—Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller.